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AUSTRIA'S DARK OUTLOOK

BY G. E. R. GEDYE

THE chaotic state of politics in Austria can be regarded from many angles. The simplest view, and that which is most generally taken, is that the whole trouble comes from across the frontier. The Munich Radio, Herr Habicht and his secret couriers with their abundant supplies of money, propaganda, arms and explosives are seen as both the creators and fomenters of discontent in Austria, of which little would be heard if their activities ceased. There is, of course, a good percentage of truth in this view, and the man who takes no interest in foreign affairs may quite well be satisfied with it. In point of fact it is only a part of the truth. It is a fact that the leaders of German National-Socialism encourage discontent in Austria and lead it into violent channels by every means in their power. Their guilt in this matter is beyond dispute. It is not correct, however, that they created political discontent in Austria, nor would it cease if Herr Hitler and all his works were swept away tomorrow.

Austria is in the throes of political unrest owing to the collision of various political forces, both internal and external, which were in opposition to one another long before the Nazis came to power in Germany. When Austria became a Republic in 1918 the Social-Democrats who made the revolution made the fatal mistake from a Socialist-Republican standpoint of not carrying it through to its logical conclusion. It was the same mistake which the Social-Democrats made in Germany, and has had the same result. They contented themselves with the acquisition of political power, and left the executive in the hands of the

servants of the Monarchy. They did, indeed, try during the brief chancellorship of Dr. Renner to create a Republican army through their Minister of War, Dr. Julius Deutsch. It was defeated by the regular forces under Fascist leadership and Fascist volunteer formations last February, and Dr. Deutsch is now a refugee in Czechoslovakia.

A counter-revolutionary Fascist army—the Heimwehr—grew up almost simultaneously. Its nucleus was the self-defence corps formed on Austria's Southern frontiers to resist the threats of Yugoslavia and Italy to increase their holdings of Austrian territory. Within a year of its inception, the idea of using it eventually for counter-revolutionary purposes had come into being. On July 15th, 1927, Socialist masses demonstrating in Vienna against the acquittal of two Heimwehr Fascists who had killed two Socialists, came into collision with the police. In the ensuing riots the Palace of Justice was burned down, 95 civilians and five police killed. From this moment successive Austrian Governments, which were steadily reactionary, made little secret of their illegal arming of the Heimwehr in preparation for the day when they could be used to destroy the Socialists and the democratic republic.

But the Heimwehr, although purely reactionary, purely Fascist, were never a homogeneous body. At the time of the Revolution, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, all Austria, democratic and reactionary, wished to revive the old association with the federal states of Germany which had come to an end in 1866. The Heimwehr quite as much as the Socialists approved of the idea of the Anschluss. For the matter of that, even Dr. Dollfuss himself had in those days pan-German sympathies. Though perhaps not whole-heartedly, even Seipel paid lip service to the Anschluss idea, and coined the phrase for Austrian foreign policy: "Anything with, but nothing against, Germany".

This growth of Italian influence was resented by very many of the Heimwehr, who were imbued with the spirit of German nationalism. The German Nationalist wing exercised the greater influence up till 1930, when their plans for a Fascist Putsch were not supported by the Clerical wing, which had come under the influence of Italy. It was, indeed, Signor Mussolini's

desire that Austria should become Fascist, but, as Fascist Austria was to become a barrier between Germany and the Brenner, her Fascism had to be of the Italian brand. A number of German Nationalist Heimwehr became disgruntled and left that body to join the little Austrian National-Socialist Party. They formed the nucleus of the Austrian storm troops and S. S.

Thus the militant forces of Nazism in Germany have roots reaching back beyond the date 1933, when the generous watering with arms and funds from the newly "arrived" Nazi Party in Germany caused the dangerous plant to burst into abundant foliage. The less militant general bulk of the Party can be traced back to the days of the Monarchy when the pan-Germans always fought the power of the Catholic Church, were hostile to the non-Germanic races of the Monarchy, and in theory stood for the union of German Austria with Germany.

It is impossible to judge the Austrian situation accurately without realising that this German-National, strongly anti-Clerical, and mildly anti-semitic movement is so deeply rooted that it was one of the factors which contributed most to the difficulties of Francis Joseph. It was in 1878 that the Austrian Liberals, whom the Emperor had reluctantly allowed to govern for eight years after Sadowa, were driven into opposition. The Emperor began his experiment of playing off the various quarrelling races of the Monarchy against one another and took the Poles and Czechs into the Government. The Liberals quarrelled and broke up into a German group, the *Deutsch-Freiheitliche*, and the Jewish Liberals. For the Emperor these German Liberals who dared to oppose the policy of the German House of Habsburg were the real traitors to the Monarchy; of Slavs, Italians and Rumanians nothing better than treachery to himself was to be expected. The *Deutsch-Freiheitlichen* (later the *Alldeutschen*, and after the war the *Grossdeutschen*—Pan-Germans) were inevitably attracted by the magnet of Hitler triumphant, although their anti-semitism, unlike Hitler's, amounted to little more than prejudice, without persecution or pogroms. With the slogan :—

"Ohne Juda, ohne Rom,
Wird gebaut Germanias Dom."

they pursued, although themselves mostly Catholics, a policy

directed chiefly against that very domination of Austrian political life by political Catholicism which Dr. Dollfuss revived. The answer to the current Nazi riddle, " Why was Dollfuss like Pontius Pilate ? Because both were Governors appointed by Rome in Judea," shows how little German-National ideology in Austria has changed in half a century. Dollfuss earned its undying hostility by tearing up, together with the Republican Constitution, the elements of the Habsburg Constitution which the former embodied, thereby conferring greater political power on the Church than even the Habsburgs had allowed it.

When Dollfuss took on the destruction of the greatest party in the State, the Social-Democrats, and began the battle against the determined anti-Clericalism of the German-Nationalists, he simultaneously embarked on a third task, the creation of a non-existent Austrian national consciousness. Local patriotism had always existed, pride in being a Viennese, a Tirolese or a Styrian. There was also pride in being a German by race. Until Dollfuss tried to popularise it, the one phrase one never heard was " I am an Austrian ". Austrian patriotism, in fact, was not tolerated by the Habsburgs. Legally, Austria never existed—only " *die im Reichsrat vertretene Königreiche und Länder* ". " Patriotism is the illegitimate child of the French Revolution " was the phrase coined by Metternich's powerful confidant, Gentz.

For Francis Joseph, patriotism was democratic and therefore dangerous, vulgar and likely to consolidate against himself the members of each of his many subject races. He wanted only " Patriots for Me ", subjects denationalised, deprived of all patriotic pride in their own race or country, but filled with a military and feudal loyalty to the ruling house. When his greatest General, Benedek, received the Emperor on the plains of Lombardy with words of flaming loyalty and patriotism, calling upon the troops for three cheers for the Emperor, which were enthusiastically given, the Emperor turned his back on the field and galloped off in fury. Benedek was told : " From my Generals I want words of military command, not speeches, and from my soldiers the movements laid down in the drill-book, not cheers."

This may suggest some of the difficulties with which Dr. Doll-

fuss was confronted, despite his full use of the methods of propaganda copied from the Third Reich—endless patriotic sermons on the radio, in the completely controlled press, parades, banners and junketings—in trying to reverse this ancient anti-patriotic tradition in the past twelve months. In the same twelve months he tried to destroy the fruits of the Party jobbery in Austria. To secure since 1918 the co-operation of the anti-clerical Pan-Germans against the Social-Democrats, his own Clerical Party had paid the price of handing over the whole department of Justice and most of the Universities to the Pan-Germans. No one could become a judge, very few could receive a University appointment unless they subscribed to Pan-Germanism. And in the professions the *Alte Herren* system resulted in Pan-German professional men finding jobs for members of their old University Corps and no one else. This is the main reason why the police are now so permeated with Nazi sympathies. Most of their officers have been members of Nationalist student corps at the Universities and are trained in German racial, not in Austrian Clerical patriotism. Hence the long list of police presidents and high officials dismissed under the Dollfuss regime; hence the discontent of many of the rank and file, filled with disciplined loyalty to their superiors who have been degraded; hence the trial of nine picked police officers, the arrest of some 60 more and the flight of many others because they favoured or took part in the Nazi *Putsch*.

What foreigners fail to realise when they talk of Dr. Dollfuss and his Clerical associates as Austrian patriots is that to the anti-Clerical Austrian of German Nationalist views they are just as much traitors to German-Austria, whom they are considered to have sold to the Quirinal and the Vatican, as the Austrian Nazis in the eyes of the supporters of the Dollfuss policy are traitors to independent Austria, attacking their fatherland with the explosives and arms of a foreign power, Germany. The present Clerical Fascist dictatorship in Austria suffers under the great difficulty inseparable from dictatorships—that for those who are dissatisfied and hold the existing Government responsible, as the average human being in every country is accustomed to hold his Government responsible, for all economic

and political ills, there is no possibility of effecting a change save by revolution. Under existing economic conditions Austrian youth, as it emerges from school and university into an adult world which offers for the great majority no hope of employment, is bound to be dissatisfied and under a dictatorship, therefore, revolutionary. After the crushing defeat inflicted by the Government on the Socialists, there has been created since February something like a monopoly in youthful recruits for the Nazis. The German tourist barrier, the ruining of Austria's vital tourist industry by terrorist outrages and other anti-Austrian economic measures thus serve not only to exercise steadily increasing economic pressure on the Government, but stimulate a steady flow of recruits into the Nazi ranks.

The legend is now in course of creation that before his death Dr. Dollfuss realised that the greatest mistake he made was to refuse the constant offers of the Social Democrats made between March 1933 and February last to form a common front against the Nazis. Those who knew him as he really was, not merely as he wished to appear in the eyes of democratic countries, assure me that this is not so, and that up to the last Dollfuss never wavered in pursuit of the Fascist Corporative State which he had made his model. Today there can be few outside the ranks of Fascists for Fascism's sake who do not realise what a serious mistake this was. The late Chancellor, although at one period of his life in favour of a (very conservative) democracy, was impelled by his Church to move against the democratic republic of the Socialists because of the barriers which it offered to Clericalism. Sensitive as he was, he was often stung to the quick by the insults which Austrian Parliamentary custom, with its lack of restraint in language, allowed his Socialist opponents to hurl at him across the floor of the Chamber. He had sought in vain from other Powers for concrete assurances of armed support against the Nazi forces which were pressing him so hard, and found only Italy so closely concerned with the danger of German control of Austria and so anxious to acquire such control herself, that she was prepared to give him what he needed. Many circumstances combined to make it not uncongenial for him to fulfil her preliminary

condition, the destruction of the Socialist administration of Vienna which, despite the untold benefits that the Socialists had conferred on the masses of the population since the War, was the objective of Heimwehr and Nazis alike. Such destruction would, he knew, be popular with the large body of citizens who objected to the Socialist taxation of luxuries, to the landlords whose rents were restricted, and to the builders who had been practically forced out of business by inability to compete with the wonderful housing blocks put up by the municipality for the masses.

Instead of purchasing the co-operation of the compact Social-Democratic Party against the Nazi peril by some slight concessions in the way of democratic guarantees, Dr. Dollfuss resolved to continue the path upon which he had entered by the suspension of Parliament in March 1933, destroy the Socialist Party which required this price for their co-operation, and trust to the individual worker's fear of the Nazis bringing them in to support him without having to pay the price. He miscalculated the strength of the Party, the genuineness of their warnings that they would take up arms and fight to the last against the triumph of any brand of Fascism, and the workers' tenacity and loyalty even after defeat to the Party which since 1918 had conferred such enormous benefits on them. He allowed the Fascist Major Fey to smash the Socialist resistance with the utmost violence. The resulting bitterness at shell-shattered homes, confiscated property, loss of political liberty, and devotion to comrades who died in battle and on the scaffold left the masses in such a temper that the vast majority remained to the last bitterly opposed to him. Those who lost faith in their own Party were more ready in their blind desire for revenge to join even their worst enemies, the Nazis, or to take on the Communist label, rather than to support Dollfuss. His successor, Dr. Schuschnigg, and even the Fascist Prince Starhemberg, realise the urgent necessity of obtaining mass working-class support against the Nazis. Unfortunately nobody in authority seems yet to appreciate that this can only be obtained at the cost of restoring to the workers their old party and most of the political rights and property of which they have been deprived

The extraordinary obsession of Dr. Dollfuss's Government.

(and the Cabinet of Dr. Schuschnigg has practically the same composition) with the idea that the Socialists were their real enemies who had to be crushed before they could turn to the Nazis, was partly due to Clerical influence, and partly to the Heimwehr Fascists (particularly Major Fey and his Vienna Heimwehr), who looked on the " Reds " exactly as the Nazis did, as the natural enemy to be destroyed root and branch. The Nazis appeared as their bitter rivals in carrying out this desirable task, and every effort was concentrated on completing it rapidly in the hopes that the forces of reaction generally would be compelled, from admiration of Heimwehr prowess, to support them rather than National Socialist reaction. While Dr. Dollfuss's Cabinet as a body was issuing month after month *pronunciamientos* against the Nazis, individual members of it indulged from time to time in more or less discreet flirtations with Habicht, Frauenfeld and other Nazi leaders. The whole truth about the Heimwehr leader, Count Alberti, who on the initiative of Major Fey was trapped while conferring with Frauenfeld in his house a few months ago, has never been revealed. Count Alberti claimed that he had written authority from Prince Starhemberg for the negotiations, which Prince Starhemberg, of course, denied.

More light is needed on the question of why no precautions were taken to protect the Chancellery from attack on July 25th. At the trial of the nine police who accompanied the rebels on the Chancellery raid, Detective Inspector Marek proved that he had twice telephoned to Major Fey's adjutant in the Chancellery, Major Wrabel, at 12.10 and again at 12.30 a full account of the preparations of the rebels which he was watching for the seizure of the Chancellery. Yet no defence measures were taken, and even the gates were not closed when the rebels arrived at 1.15. The accused rebel Hudl, who was sent to penal servitude for life, alleged in Court that they had been received " enthusiastically " by Major Wrabel. The evidence given at the trial of the police made it seem very doubtful whether Major Fey, as was first reported, was actually being threatened by armed men when he parleyed from the balcony on behalf of the rebels with Baron Neustädter-Stürmer, who was representing the Government at the head of the loyal forces outside. It was Major Fey who asked for extensions of time in the

evacuation of the building by the rebels and who forbade the storming of the Chancellery, having to be told by Neustädter-Stürmer that as a prisoner in the hands of the rebels he had been temporarily deprived of all authority. Major Fey remains in the Cabinet. It was under his influence that the obsession of the Dollfuss Cabinet with anti-Socialist ideas was maintained up to the last. While the last touches were being put to the Nazi plot in the days immediately preceding July 25th, three thousand arrests were made, but of Socialists and Communists, not Nazis. Dr. Steinhäusl, the head of the detective force of Vienna, who carried out this diversion, is now in prison awaiting trial for high treason as a Nazi. On the eve of the murder, the Dollfuss Cabinet sent to the gallows the first victim of the various decrees against Nazi terrorism which had been in force for months. He was, of course, not a Nazi, but the Socialist, Joseph Gerl.

Between the foolish Socialist boy Gerl—who, against the policy of his party, made an unsuccessful attempt to carry out a pointless outrage, then lost his head and fired on a policeman, influenced, as he said, by the knowledge that death would anyway be the punishment for dynamiting—and the trained gunmen-desperadoes, Holzweber and Planetta, there was this in common, that all three faced fearlessly a painful death by the slow Austrian process of strangulation. There is no drop used in Austria. The condemned man is hoisted off his feet, the executioner seizes his neck and tries to twist it while his assistants drag down on his shoulders.

Here is the eye-witness account by the Vienna correspondent of the pro-Heimwehr Budapest newspaper *Magyarsag* of how Major Fey on the fatal July 25th met the menace of a possible pistol shot while in the hands of the rebels. It furnishes also valuable evidence bearing on the question of the safe conduct promised, but not accorded, to the rebels, which is going to cause a lot of trouble to the new Government.

"Four p.m. Minister Fey appears on the balcony. His face is pale, his whole body trembles. We have the feeling that he can hardly stand. . . . The commander of the besieging forces with an escort is admitted by the rebels to the Chancellery for negotiations. 4.15: The escort returns with the message: 'Minister Fey says everyone is to stay where he is. No unauthorised attack must be made . . .' At 5 p.m. the Heimwehr tell

us, ' Rintelen has been chosen as the successor to Dollfuss. The executive forces will remain under the command of Fey.' At 5.15 Inspector Eibel of the police tells us : ' I hear that Dollfuss is dead.' At 5.20 Neustädter-Stürmer shouts to Fey who is on the balcony, ' If the Chancellery is evacuated we give safe-conduct to all and will secure that they reach the German frontier without obstacle.' At 6.10 Fey comes again to the balcony. His face seems whiter than before. He says to Neustädter-Stürmer : ' Please extend the time limit for evacuation until 7 p.m.' Neustädter-Stürmer : ' We cannot grant that. I extend it to 6.30 and re-affirm the safe conduct, and support it with my word of honour as an officer. Not a hair of their heads shall be injured.' 7 p.m. : Secretary of State Karwinsky [in the hands of the rebels in the Chancellery] appears at a barred window and says : ' The German Minister, Dr. Rieth, must come here. Fey and I have promised it.' Fey is then released from the building. At 7.15 Rieth arrives. At 8 p.m. the police enter the building."

A very similar account is given by Mr. Nypels, the well-known correspondent of the Dutch paper *Allgemeene Handelsblad*, who was also an eye-witness. He heard a police officer instruct one of the police officials to ask the rebels if a doctor was needed for Dollfuss. At 4.18 the official returned and said : " That is no longer necessary." In court Holzweber said, uncontradicted, that Fey was allowed before witnesses to telephone to the Minister of War at 2.30 p.m. that Dollfuss was dying. In court also Fey said that the promise of safe conduct was given unconditionally ; so did Secretary of State Karwinsky. The official statement of the German Minister Dr. Rieth also makes it plain that the first thing which Neustädter-Stürmer told him when he arrived outside the Chancellery was that Dollfuss was dead, after which Neustädter-Stürmer detailed to Rieth the guarantee of safe conduct " for the whole body of armed men inside the Chancellery. This Fey confirmed ". Incidentally, it is clear that Dr. Rieth did not " negotiate " with the rebels. He merely witnessed the safe conduct agreement at the request of the Austrian Ministers, as without this the rebels (rightly, as events have proved) distrusted the promise of the Government. Evidence was given in court that Police President Skubl had told the arrested rebels that if the murderer of Dollfuss owned up, all those unconnected with the murder should go free. This promise also has been ignored.

The strange thing is that the Nazis did not remember a previous promise of free pardon which was not kept. On the third night of the bombardment of the workers' houses

in February, Dollfuss personally proclaimed on the Radio that all Socialists who were not ringleaders who laid down their arms by noon next day should go unpunished. All newspapers published the proclamation, which was placarded on the hoardings. I myself heard the Minister of War, Prince Alois von Schönburg-Hartenstein, reading out the free pardon proclamation to Socialists next day, explaining it in simple language and giving his officer's word that it would be observed. Later, Socialists who had believed in it and surrendered their arms were given heavy sentences, the courts declaring that they could not recognise such a promise by the Chancellor as a legal instrument.

No better propaganda could have been devised for the Austrian Nazis than the ignoring of the safe-conduct which certainly was, but, of course, never should have been, promised to the murderers of the Chancellor, and naturally they are making every use of it. *The Times* remarked :—

> " Major Fey has clearly lost all prestige—and could only have retrieved it if he had resigned his office at once—by giving promises at the point of the pistol which he was not able to perform."

The Times did not overstate the position.

I have dealt at length with these two questions of the unfulfilled promise of safe conduct and of the retention of Major Fey, because they are the most serious burdens with which the essentially weak Schuschnigg Cabinet has saddled itself at the outset. How weak it is was evident on the Sunday night, when it was hastily got together behind machine guns, police and Dr. Schuschnigg's Catholic Fascist Sturmscharen, who were guarding the Ministers as a whole against a threatened *Putsch* by the Heimwehr on behalf of the Heimwehr Ministers. Everyone agrees that it was the only possible Government for Austria at the moment. A purely Heimwehr-Fascist Government would have meant a general reign of terror such as followed a Nazi triumph in Germany, except that it would have been directed against Nazis, Socialists and Communists alike. Against the Heimwehr, Schuschnigg and his Clerical following could not stand alone. The defeat of the Socialists is too recent for them to be ready to establish even a revolutionary regime. If Schuschnigg had wanted it—and he certainly

did not—a Socialist admixture would have caused a Heimwehr revolt. Supposing that any Socialists had been found so ready to forget the February killings as to lend themselves to a coalition. A Nazi Government would have meant a fresh civil war. The Communists are powerless. Under the circumstances the Cabinet of Schuschnigg, the intimate friend of Dollfuss, was certainly the only one which could hold out any hopes, uncertain though they were, of tiding Austria over the immediate perils.

It seems quite impossible that Austria can continue to be governed for long by this coalition of Clericals and Heimwehr-Fascists against the powerful internal forces of both the Left and the Right opposed to them, quite apart from the question of whether or not Germany can be forced to cease her criminal interference. Of this few in Austria have any real hope. There is no belief whatever in the sincerity of Hitler's appointment of von Papen with a " special mission of reconciliation ". On the contrary, the belief prevails that von Papen's mission is to split the Austrian as he did the German Catholics on the Nationalist issue, and thus further weaken the Clericals. The German Press and radio propaganda since July 25th shows signs of caution, but none of repentance. The Austrian radio, it must be admitted also, continues its counter-propaganda and busies itself with German internal affairs to the disadvantage of Hitlerism. In Germany it has long been obvious that Hitler has lost control over his second rank leaders, and could not force them effectively to change their attitude towards Austria, even if he wished it changed. Those who know Hitler best say that Austria is one of the two subjects about which he refuses to reason with anyone, the other being the Jews. On these two subjects he is conscious of full inspiration by the Almighty or the gods of Valhalla, so that reason is superfluous. His anti-semitism, his anti-Clericalism are not German but Austrian. He learned them both in the land of his birth and considers it his supreme mission to put them into force there even more than in Germany. His Austrian ambitions he will only abandon with his last breath, however effectively other Powers may prevent him from openly attempting their realisation. The Austrian Nazis talk of two or three months peace to re-

cuperate and then a wave of assassinations and general terror. Prince Starhemberg has told me that he expects another Nazi *Putsch* within a few months.

Dr. Schuschnigg or his successor cannot hope to consolidate Austria with the bayonets of the army and the Heimwehr, or to pacify permanently the population by putting into prison all those who actively disagree with him. In Carinthia alone, with a population of 370,000, over 6,000 Nazis were captured by the Government in the July fighting and another 2,000 to 3,000 escaped into Yugoslavia. In this province at least to talk of " terror groups " as the official communiques did, was clearly an understatement.

By the suspension of Parliament, the destruction of the Constitution and the violent suppression of the Socialists, Dr. Dollfuss committed himself to a course where only expediency and not legality counts. With the exception of anti-semitism, most of the methods of Hitlerism (in a form modified by the milder and less thorough Austrian temperament) have been introduced into Austria, and the adherents of the largest party, the Socialists, made to feel their full rigour. There is the system of hostages, of imprisonment without trial, not necessarily for any action, but for having occupied a prominent position in a political party, the concentration camps with their maddening barbed wire fences and detention without sentence for indefinite periods, the confiscation of the property of Socialist political organisations and of the trade unions. Opposition newspapers have been suppressed, and the remainder, as in Germany, have been so effectively tamed that when you have read one you have read all. The foreign correspondents have not had to suffer the same attacks as have those in Germany, because the present regime is so dependent on foreign support, of which Nazi Germany has no hope.

Broadcasts to Great Britain have, however, been quite effectively brought under Austrian Government control. I myself have been barred since February from the necessary facilities for broadcasting for the B.B.C. to Great Britain by the Austrian authorities, partly on account of my evil reputation for plain speaking, and partly perhaps on account of a refusal (in accordance with the wishes of the B.B.C.) to submit for censorship

an unimportant three minute broadcast in November on "Armistice Day in Vienna". My colleagues in the Anglo-American Press Association of Vienna unanimously decided, with a fine loyalty to American and British traditions of press liberty, not to give any broadcast for the B.B.C. or for America until the ban on me was lifted. The Austrian authorities refuse to lift the ban (which the B.B.C. first imagined to be a "misunderstanding" which would be cleared up in a couple of weeks), so that any broadcasts from Vienna to Great Britain on Austria have to be given by those better able than my Anglo-American colleagues and myself to temper the wind of plain speaking to the shorn dictatorial lamb.

Austria, like Germany, has her police terror. The torturing of Socialists last February has been too well established to need amplification here; the latest examples were Gerl and Anzboeck, the two young men tried—and one of them hanged—the night before the Dollfuss murder. They appeared in court as physical wrecks from beating. Many concrete instances are furnished in the vivid story of the aftermath of the Fascist destruction of the Social-Democrats contained in "Naomi Mitchison's Vienna Diary" which has just appeared. Whatever other accusations may be brought against me, that of sympathy with Nazi terrorists will hardly be one. But on July 25th I witnessed scenes which I can only describe as revolting, as the Nazi prisoners from the Ravag (broadcasting headquarters) were brought out by the police. One at a time boys of nineteen and twenty were marched out, each surrounded by a dozen burly policemen who in the open street were already kicking them brutally, striking them with clenched fists and with rifle butts, while the boys staggered and tried to keep their hands above their heads, despite the brutality. I cannot share the view of many of my Jewish friends in Vienna, though I understand it, that the more young Nazis who are hanged and tortured the better. The Austrian press states that all these Nazis from the Ravag have had to be treated in hospital for wounds; I saw half of them led out, and these had certainly not been wounded before capture. On the other hand, the Nazi prisoners captured in uniform at the Chancellery, as far as I have seen them in court, had not been mishandled. The

explanation is probably that when the police secured the Ravag Nazis, who were in civilian clothes, they did not know whether it was Socialists, Nazis or Communists who had carried out the *Putsch*, and treated them as Socialists.

Typical of the state of Austria was an answer given in court by one of the policemen who took part in the raid on the Chancellery. They put up the stupid defence that they had believed the raid to be a perfectly legal action. " How could you imagine ", asked the judge, " that it could be legal to arrest the Chancellor who had been nominated by the President of the Federal State ? " " Why should there have been anything illegal in that, when only a few months ago I myself had orders to arrest the legally elected burgomaster of Vienna, the Socialist Herr Seitz, in his mayoral chair while he was engaged on his work of administration ? " came the pertinent answer.

The Nazi *Putsch* will oblige the Government to uphold extra-legal measures against the Nazis for some time to come, but they cannot do this and at the same time continue the persecution of the Social-Democrats, for whom 40 per cent of the population and 66 per cent of the population of Vienna voted at the last election. Internal pacification is Austria's most urgent need. The Fascist experiment is a failure here because there is no great Fascist Party carried on a wave of popular enthusiasm which, however despicable, unfair and brutal the means by which it has been brought into existence, does give life and strength to Fascism in Italy and Germany. The opposition both of the Left and of the Right is too strong in Austria for a Government to be able to build up a healthy State merely by stifling both opposing voices. Dr. Dollfuss's supporters always claimed that he was forced to destroy Parliament because the Nazi wave would have swept the country if he had held elections. The Nazis would indeed have secured great gains at the expense of the Clericals, but it is not true that they ever had a hope of gaining a majority over Clericals and Socialists combined. For years the Socialist 40 per cent of the electors had proved itself, thanks to the solidity of the Party organisation, a rock against which the waves of other Parties beat in vain. The 40 per cent was not capable of much increase, but it was incapable of being reduced.

It is less true today than ever, after the German massacres of June 30th, and the Austrian murder of July 25th, that Austria would be swamped by the Nazis if democratic elections were held. If moderate Clerical leaders can find the courage to take their stand on democracy and call on the Socialists to fight shoulder to shoulder with them against the Brown danger, the response would be overwhelming. Certainly the first essential is to root out the Nazi terror centres. But after that is done—and it will have to be done very quickly—Austria will have to restore the right of self-expression and self-government, of which the population have been deprived, if anything in the way of permanent reconstruction and consolidation against the Nazis is to begin. Anything short of this is patchwork—the kind of patchwork which, alas, has been the curse of this "people of half measures" for centuries. Certainly it would result in German Nationals (most of them with Nazi sympathies) obtaining parliamentary representation. But the advantage of a safety valve over a burst boiler does not need to be pointed out—to Englishmen at least.

July 25th and the succeeding week are now known to have brought the world infinitely nearer to war than it has been since 1918. The regulation of the Austrian question means not merely the permanent restraint of the Nazi bully and intriguant in Germany but internal pacification. The issue of democracy or repression within Austria is thus one which concerns every Englishman, and indeed every European who does not consider that he would be unaffected by the outbreak of another European war. At the price of the pacification of Austria through the restoration of democracy it might be worth while for Great Britain to go beyond the very cautious Three-Power Declaration of February last on the understanding, of course, that not only German but also Italian interference in Austrian affairs must cease. For such an incalculable gain to the prospects of world peace it might even be worth while for Great Britain to dip her hand in her pocket and join other Powers in contributing something towards the crushing burden of past military and police expenditure under which Austria is staggering.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

By Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S.

"IT has been half jocularly said", Sir Oliver has written in his autobiography,* "that it is most important to select one's parents well, so that the new organism shall get itself well born". He then asks: "Is there any truth in such an idea?" and answers: "I have been tempted to think so". Whether we take this suggestion seriously—as we shall see Sir Oliver himself does—or merely as banter, we have to admit that he himself was fortunate in his choice of parentage, for it has clothed his great gifts of mind in a presence which is both commanding and imposing. He stands 6 ft. 3 in. in height and weighs 15 stones. His carriage is easy and dignified; his expression is both friendly and sagacious. Time has mellowed his features; the fact that his most cherished ideas have been rejected with contumely by many of his scientific contemporaries has left his temper unsoured.

Sir Oliver's appearance arrests the attention, not only of the casual observer, but also that of the professional anthropologist. His high, massive head, with its upright occiput, has the shape characteristics of a race of tall men who began to invade and settle in Britain early in the second millenium B.C. This people, usually spoken of as the "Beaker Race"—because of a clay vessel usually found in their graves—has continued to reproduce its type sporadically in the population of England ever since. The late Lord Salisbury, who, in 1902, included Sir Oliver's name in the list of Knights created at the coronation of King Edward VII, was a representative of the Beaker type; so was his nephew, Lord Balfour, who entered with sympathy and zest into many of Sir Oliver's speculations. The best-known, however, of the modern representatives of this ancient type

* *Past Years. An Autobiography by Sir Oliver Lodge.* Hodder & Stoughton.

was Charles Darwin ; he retained the prominent eyebrow ridges and low forehead of the race, whereas in Sir Oliver's case the eyebrow ridges have been smoothed out and the forehead has become high and full.

It is strange, too, that both of these representatives of the Beaker race should have devoted their lives to the same great purpose—namely, to a bold endeavour to understand the nature of the universe of which they formed a living part. It is instructive as well as strange for us to note that as the result of their inquiries they came to diametrically opposite conclusions. Darwin, fixing his gaze on the earth, saw in it all the forces which had shaped man and beast ; Sir Oliver, looking upwards, has sought for the powers which create and control all forms of matter—living and dead—in the ether of space. But, although Sir Oliver's interpretation of life and of mind is so different from that of Darwin, the reader must not think that he rejects the doctrine of evolution ; the opposite is the case ; Sir Oliver accepts Darwin's theory of man's origin. He has spoken of Charles Darwin as a " patient observer and deep thinker ".

Although, as we have seen, Sir Oliver holds that there is more in the personality of every individual than can be accounted for on the score of man's parentage, yet in his own case it will repay us to inquire how far the orthodox laws of heredity may be applied to explain his own peculiar gifts. At the date of his birth, June 20th, 1851, his father, Oliver Lodge, aged 25, and his mother, Grace Heath, also aged 25, were living in North Staffordshire, on the edge of the Potteries, their home being in Penkhull, a suburb of Stoke-on-Trent. His father, whom we shall designate Oliver II, was the 23rd child of the Rev. Oliver Lodge (Oliver I), who held a living in Essex and afterwards in Cambridgeshire. He was an Irishman ; the mother of Oliver II was an Irish lady ; altogether Oliver I had a family of 25 children. Oliver II also had a family of eight, seven of them being boys, of whom Oliver III was the eldest. Constance Lodge, who became Principal of Westfield College and a historian of note, was the youngest of the family. The Lodges were tall ; Sir Richard Lodge, the historian, the fourth of the family, stands 6 ft. 5 in., and his sons were still taller. Two of the Penkhull family developed mathematical ability of a

high order—namely, Sir Oliver himself and his brother Alfred. This ability came to them not from their father's, but from Mrs. Lodge's side. Her nephew won distinction as a mathematician. She, too, came of a clerical family.

In due time Sir Oliver himself married. In 1877 he and Mary Marshall faced life together ; bridegroom and bride were of the same age—namely 26—a year more than in his own parents' case. The traditional stork, which had waited so assiduously on former generations of Lodges, did not forsake them ; they became the parents of twelve children. As we have seen, Sir Oliver does not look on birth as most of us do. Unless we are aware of his unorthodox interpretation of the facts of birth, we shall be puzzled by a remark he makes in his autobiography regarding his own children. The remark is this : " Often have I half humorously expressed gratitude that such delightful people thought it worth while to come and live with us . . . I have sometimes chaffed the twins " (his youngest daughters), " who arrived last, by saying that when the door was closing they just managed both of them to squeeze through ". Then he asks the question : " How comes it that they are so admirable ? It is not my doing. It is not good to be so busy that one cannot attend to the children, but roughly speaking that was my case. Their mother's influence must have been supreme." When we come to examine, as we shall do presently, the wholehearted way in which Sir Oliver devoted himself to the development of new and difficult fields of knowledge, we must keep in mind his home responsibilities if we are to understand the magnitude of the task he undertook and which he brought to a successful issue.

Early in Sir Oliver's childhood his father gave up his stool in the office of the Stafford Railway Company and started business on his own account. He opened an agency for the supply of materials needed by master potters. He immersed himself in business and was soon successful. Oliver's mother kept the accounts of the business and also looked after the affairs of her household and family. As the boys grew up they were sent off to preparatory schools. Oliver went to Newport Grammar School, Shropshire, at the age of eight, boarding in the house of a clergyman who had married his

aunt. At the age of fourteen his schooling ended and he entered his father's business. Like all men of genius, he looks back on his schools and schoolmasters critically ; he preferred geography, history and Euclid, and they gave him grammar and classics. As a matter of fact, there is only one kind of education possible for a boy so strangely constituted as was Oliver Lodge : that is the kind known as self-education. Sir Oliver has been his own schoolmaster ; he owes the high position he has taken in the world to this fact. Certainly Samuel Smiles influenced him ; he read *Self-Help* with avidity and also a fair share of the fiction which appealed to the youth of his time. Astronomy fascinated him ; when he made a model out of homely things to illustrate the peculiarities in the rising of the harvest moon he was revealing, quite unconsciously, the individual bent of his genius.

But I fear as he drove round the Potteries with his father to obtain orders and receive payments, he must have been a trying companion. His father was alert and observant ; while he was noting all that passed him on the road or in the street, knowing everybody and remembering every name, he found that his son neither observed or remembered. He had already become introspective. His gaze was turned inwards in search of the unseen causes of outward appearances.

And so life went on in the Lodge household until 1873, when Oliver entered the twenty-second year of his age. A train of events, only some of which I need mention here, led to his departure from home. Years before, during a visit to London, he had heard Professor Tyndall lecture on " Heat as a Mode of Motion " ; he attended other lectures while staying with his London aunt, and became particularly interested in electricity. On his return from this visit he devoted his spare time to the making of experiments in chemistry and physics with homely apparatus, and to reading the *English Mechanic*, the *Penny Cyclopedia* and such works as helped him to a knowledge of the elements of science. He attended classes at the Wedgwood Institute, Burslem, on chemistry and allied subjects ; he again made a visit to London and passed the matriculation examination of the University of London. The Science and Art Department held examinations in Burslem ; he took heat, light, sound,

magnetism, electricity, mechanics, algebra, geometry and steam as his subjects—eight in all. He obtained a first class in all of them. One result of this signal success—he owns that he really enjoyed examinations—was that he obtained a grant from Government which permitted him to study in the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, London. His father gave a reluctant consent. He might have worked under Huxley in the Royal College of Science, but preferred Frankland the chemist. He was blessed with deft fingers and excelled at manipulation. He strove for extreme accuracy in his analyses; he worked out his quantities and percentages to the second or third decimal place. At this time he also passed the examination needed for the first part of the B.Sc. degree of the University of London.

After a busy winter in London, he returned to his father's business in the summer of 1873. In the autumn of that year an event happened which decided him to abandon business and trust to science for a livelihood. His father's affairs had taken him to Yorkshire in the month of September; he noted that the British Association for the Advancement of Science was meeting in Bradford. He resolved to attend, and sought out Section A (mathematics and physics) and frequented its meetings. There he saw the leading mathematicians of the time, including the man who was to fire his enthusiasm for pure science, James Clerk-Maxwell. The President of the Section noted the presence of the lank young visitor and threw him into a state of ecstasy by speaking to him. Oliver Lodge thereupon resolved he was to be one of them. A few years later he became the secretary of Section A; in 1891—at the age of forty—he became its president; in 1913 he was elected to be president of the whole Association.

On his departure for London at the end of 1873, Oliver was regarded by his father as a deserter from duty. Two of his younger brothers had just obtained scholarships at Oxford University; Oliver resolved to win one in the home of mathematicians—Cambridge, but Cambridge preferred a biologist. So in January, 1874, he resolved to study mathematics and physics at University College, London, and complete the examinations needed for the degree of B.Sc. in the University of London.

An unexpected thing happened to him when he entered University College. Carey Foster, the Professor of Physics, enrolled him, not as a student, but as a demonstrator and teacher, at a salary of £50 per annum. It is strange that a man who was to play so prominent a part in the University life of his time never was a resident undergraduate in any university. He passed his days in Carey Foster's laboratory teaching and researching ; he spent his nights in cheap lodgings in Camden Town, immersed in study and thought. One book had become his Bible of Science—Clerk-Maxwell's treatise on *Electricity and Magnetism*, which appeared just before he entered Carey Foster's laboratory. As my readers know, Clerk-Maxwell in this treatise gave a mathematical treatment to observations which Faraday had made on the flow of electric currents. In due time, as we shall see, Oliver Lodge demonstrated that the electro-magnetic waves which Clerk-Maxwell had proved to exist in theory did actually exist in reality. Simultaneously but quite independently these waves or pulses were discovered in Germany by Heinrich Hertz. As we shall see, it was from Hertz rather than from Lodge that Marconi drew inspiration.

Almost the first research he undertook, on entering University College, was to study, in association with his chief, Carey Foster, the lines of flow which appeared between two electrodes when these are applied to a conducting surface. These lines were plotted out theoretically and verified experimentally. The nature of this research shows the influence which the discoveries of Faraday and of Clerk-Maxwell were exerting on the mind of young Oliver Lodge. We see the same influence at work when he constructed " a model to illustrate mechanically the passage of electricity through metals, electrolytes and dielectrics according to Maxwell's theory ". Maxwell's theory became his special study ; his knowledge of it and his application of it to explain electrical phenomena gained for him in 1877 the degree of Doctor of Science in the University of London.

After serving Carey Foster as demonstrator and then as assistant for seven years—that is from 1874 to 1881—Dr. Oliver Lodge succeeded in being appointed to a chair of Physics in University College, Liverpool—a college which was then being established in that city. The Liverpool phase of his career

proved to be the most fertile and most brilliant of a busy and successful life, but before we follow him northwards there are certain aspects of his life in London which we must touch on now. There is first the " bread and butter " problem which every dependent young man has to face who resolves to devote himself to science. This problem in his case became acute in 1877; it was in this year that his resolution to keep clear of matrimony and all social entanglements, so that he might live alone for science, broke down; it was in this year that he married Mary Marshall and so saved his soul. He was angry with Mary's guardian for darkening the idealism of a lover by a stipulation about income. He had to satisfy her guardian that his income had reached £400 a year, otherwise matrimony could not be contemplated. So he set to work furiously; besides filling his post at University College, he was appointed to lecture on physics to the newly-founded college for women—Bedford College. He sought to augment his income by correcting examination papers at so much a score. He was able by a superhuman effort to make not only £400 a year, but almost double that sum. And thus earned the right to marry.

He proved to have the gift of clear exposition to an uncommon degree: he was a born teacher. It was during his time at University College, London, that two inventions appeared in England—Graham Bell's telephone and Edison's phonograph. His exposition of the principles underlying these discoveries filled the larger theatre of University College with enthusiastic listeners. He became a prince among the popular lecturers of his day.

One other aspect of his life in London must be alluded to. Will not a young man immersed in the pursuit of one branch of knowledge, and sacrificing the social side of life to attain pre-eminence in his chosen profession, tend to become a technician rather than an educated man? Oliver Lodge did run this danger, but he was saved by the depth and width of his sympathies. Education is not knowledge but insight—intelligent insight into all phases of human life and endeavour, past and present. It was the philosophy of John Ruskin, not of John Stuart Mill, which appealed to him. He was born great-hearted; he was sensitive to the misfortunes of his fellows;

he was public-minded ; never for a moment has he given way to a petty jealousy or cavilled over matters of priority. And always he has been insistent in proclaiming the truth as it appeared to him.

He was thirty years of age when he made his home in Liverpool in 1881, and there he was destined to remain until the end of the century. He found a building which had been used as a madhouse being converted to serve as a college. His laboratory was carved out of rooms which had been occupied by patients : one had been a padded cell. He soon made his name and laboratory known throughout the world. The age of electricity was just beginning ; the discoveries of Faraday were being applied to industry. The improvement of the dynamo had made the production of electricity possible ; the problem was how to store this new source of power when it was produced. Professor Lodge threw himself successfully into the production of secondary or storage batteries which could be used in commercial enterprises. He made no secret of the manner in which he overcame practical difficulties : he published his discoveries as soon as they were made.

One of his earliest researches at Liverpool was to explain an observation made by Tyndall. When a hot piece of metal is placed in a beam of electric light, black smoke appears to rise from it. Professor Lodge discovered that the appearance is due to molecules of hot air, which rise from the hot body, bombarding and driving away from the body the specks of dust in the air. Thus the body comes to be surrounded by a dust-free space—which appears dark because the light passes through it without scattering. The opposite happens when warm air surrounds a cool body ; the adjacent particles of dust are driven towards, and settle on, the cool surface, as happens above gas stoves and above radiators placed against walls. He found that when a metal rod was electrified, it caused dust specks to disappear from the surrounding air with great rapidity. At a later date this discovery was applied to commercial purposes by one of Sir Oliver's sons.

After Professor Lodge had been a few years in Liverpool he was invited, by the Royal Society of Arts, to give a lecture in London on " Lightning conductors ". Following his usual

practice, he devised experiments to demonstrate to his audience the manner in which a conducting metal rod protects a building from lightning. In the course of making these experiments he made three fundamental discoveries. He demonstrated: (1) that the discharge from a Leyden jar gave rise to electric waves along " insulated conductors going right round the lecture theatre " ; he not only demonstrated the existence of such waves, but also measured their length. (2) He discovered the " coherer principle "—" the fact that a couple of knobs in light contact, not sufficient to transmit a current, cohered " whenever even a minute spark passed. He thus discovered in his laboratory in Liverpool not only the existence of waves now known as " wireless", but also a means of detecting them. (3) He discovered at the same time the principle which underlies the practice known to wireless or " radio " listeners as " tuning in ". Saul went out to find his father's asses and found a kingdom. Oliver Lodge went out to find how lightning conductors work and brought home tidings of a new world.

His lecture on lightning conductors appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* for August, 1888. His discovery and measurement of electric waves—" conducted along wires "—was mentioned at the close of this article. He was proud of the discovery he had made ; not because of any practical gain, but because it was a realization of an early dream—that some day he would find a proof of the truth of Clerk-Maxwell's theory of light and of electricity. He did not stop to think whether or not his discovery had any practical application, but set out for a well-earned holiday in the Tirol.

Just before setting out he learned that his friend Heinrich Hertz, assistant to Von Helmholtz, whom he had met several years before in Berlin, had been investigating the spread of " electric force " and had demonstrated that it passed into space in the form of waves. It is characteristic of Lodge that he felt no tinge of jealousy towards Hertz. The opposite was the case ; he exerted himself to make Hertz's discoveries known in England.

It was while in Liverpool that Sir Oliver took to the game of golf ; he learned not only to hit the ball, but to " follow through " after he had hit. In the great game of science it

was the " follow through " that he lacked. When he had opened up the field now known as " wireless " he left its practical exploitation to others. In 1894, that is, six years after he had discovered the existence of electric waves, he gave demonstrations in London and in Oxford of a method of signalling by means of these waves.

Two years later, in 1896, the British Association had its annual meeting in Liverpool. Sir W. H. Preece—knowing nothing of the researches of Hertz or of Lodge, " announced to Section A at Liverpool that a Mr. Marconi had come from Italy with a box giving a *quite new* system of space telegraphy ". One can forgive Sir Oliver for feeling slightly sore when Sir W. H. Preece, an electrical engineer, made this announcement in Sir Oliver's adopted city. But he was the first to recognize and acknowledge the immense importance of the discoveries which the genius of Marconi had added to those made by Hertz and by himself.

With the demonstration of the existence of electric waves and a verification of Clerk-Maxwell's theory, Sir Oliver turned his attention to the ether which was supposed to fill all space and to serve as a medium for the propagation of light and of electromagnetic waves. Attempts had been made to prove that ether existed in reality as well as in theory, but with negative results. The elaborate experiments which he made in Liverpool to prove the existence of ether he regards as " the most important of his life ". He designed what has been described as an " ether-whirling " machine. The liberality of a friend, Mr. George Holt, enabled him to erect this " cute " and costly apparatus in his laboratory. Like others before him, he had to acknowledge defeat. When he published the results of his experiment in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1893, he confessed that he had failed to elicit any positive evidence of the existence of ether. The younger physicists of today deny its existence. " Let us try to keep the question open ", Sir Oliver wrote in 1931. As we shall see, he not only postulates the existence of an ether as a universal constituent of space, but ascribes to it qualities which I, as a biologist, find hard to believe. Mind and intelligence he believes to be derived from the ether.

Hitherto we have concentrated attention on the additions

which Sir Oliver Lodge has made to our knowledge of physics, but we must now turn to his inquiries into what seems to most people a totally different realm of the " imponderables "—that of psychics. Sir Oliver, we shall see, believes that the ultimate secrets of physics and psychics, of body and of mind, lie hidden together in the ether of space.

Up to the time of his arrival in Liverpool he had accepted the doctrine held then by most men of science—namely, that body and mind were inseparable. In London he had met F. W. H. Myers and E. Gurney, founders of the Society for Psychical Research—the society which is known, for short, as the S.P.R.—but they failed to enlist his interest. Soon after his arrival in Liverpool he was called upon to investigate certain cases of " thought transference ", or telepathy. The result of a prolonged investigation was to convince him that the human brain could receive impressions from another brain—not through eye or ear but by some unknown means.

It was possible for Sir Oliver to believe in the existence of thought transference and still accept the teaching of orthodox biology. But when in 1889 an American medium, named Mrs. Piper, placed him in communication with his dead Aunt and with others who had long since " passed over ", he found himself compelled to give up the tenets of orthodox biologists. The " phenomena " elicited from Mrs. Piper, while she was in a state of trance, could be explained only by supposing that a human body is merely the husk of an ethereal duplicate, known as the spirit or soul. The ethereal duplicate could temporarily vacate the body—as many savage peoples believe. At death the physical body disappeared, but the ethereal passed out into space and, although it became merged with the ether, yet retained its individual identity.

More and more the investigation of psychical cases seized his attention and occupied his time. The announcement of the results of his researches, which he published from year to year, have been received by his scientific colleagues with a tired indifference. Nor is it possible for those trained in the manifestations of life to reconcile psychical phenomena, which are accepted by him as genuine, with biological fact. Yet Sir Oliver owes his high position in the popular esteem of the modern

world, not so much to his discoveries in the world of science as to his revelations from the realms of the Unseen.

At the beginning of the present century, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, on looking round England for a man to fill the Principalship of the University, which the city of Birmingham had just set up, let his choice fall on the Professor of Physics in Liverpool. After some hesitation Sir Oliver accepted, and with his arrival in Birmingham, as he began his fiftieth year, his life enters a new phase—one which is humdrum compared to those which had gone before. He stipulated, before accepting the Principalship, for a laboratory in which to continue his physical researches, but with twelve young souls at home to be clothed and educated, with a young University to build, equip and advertise, and with problems of finance and of organization to solve, we need not wonder that his output of research fell far short of the record he had established in Liverpool and in London. More and more he was called on to advise in questions of University education and to expound the latest advances in physical science to the English-speaking world—for in clarity of thought and of speech he had no equal. He became immersed more and more in the affairs of the unseen world. In the Great War he lost his favourite son, Raymond ; a book bearing his son's name on its title-page gives revelations which excited the greatest interest when published.

At the end of the war, and at the age of 69, Sir Oliver resigned from the Principalship of the University of Birmingham and ultimately found a home for his " retirement " on the edge of Salisbury Plain and quite near to the famous megalithic monument of Stonehenge. In his " retirement ", as during the days of his principalship, he was busy and successful as author and lecturer. In 1927 he and Lady Lodge celebrated in the midst of their family—the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Two years later Lady Lodge died ; she was beloved by all who had the fortune to meet her.

SCIENCE AND THE COMMON MAN

By Robert Bell

WHEN Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Eddington, and Sir Oliver Lodge took to speaking on the wireless the common people heard them gladly. Though they knew little of science beyond the boyhood tradition of " stinks ", they were aware that tremendous upheavals had taken place, that Newton had been dethroned, that there was a mysterious doctrine of Relativity which played strange tricks with Euclid and the multiplication table : that, in fact, things were moving with extraordinary speed. They did not want to be left behind, and they listened with both ears. They even went so far—a remarkable thing in this country—as to buy books to satisfy their curiosity, and Eddington, Jeans and Whitehead found themselves among the best sellers. They even read reports of British Association meetings (Physics Section).

That was some half-dozen years ago, and the position today is not quite the same. Perhaps it would not be going too far to say that Everyman fainted by the way. He did his best, both to learn and unlearn. He followed the Atom at least to the opening of that dark cavern where it carries on its mysterious activities ; he thrilled at the alacrity with which *n*th powers could clamber about the universe ; he took off his hat every time he met the square root of minus one ; and he enjoyed (for a short time) the notion of a universe so paradoxical as to be at once finite and unlimited, though he never could gather the least idea of what happened at that perplexing frontier. It was, if one may put it so irreverently, a little like the child with a new toy. And if he has got tired it is not entirely his fault. The most elaborate of toys is still adapted to the juvenile intelligence. It was rather a shock to find, after those first primrose paths, that the road became presently so steep and thorny that it could not be followed.

It is not merely a matter of what is very unjustly called

" jargon ". People who talk about novel and unfamiliar things must use novel and unfamiliar language. The late Arnold Bennett, commenting on Sir James Jeans's *The Mysterious Universe*—that of all books, and that of all names !—said that the great Huxley would have done much better. " When Huxley wrote for the plain man he remembered the plain man all the time, and the plain man could understand what he wrote." The difference is that Huxley had to deal with the plain man's conceptions, and Jeans has to deal (very largely) with conceptions intelligible only to the scientist. The plain man can barely grasp the meaning of time-space, or quantum, or indeterminacy, and such things are the very alphabet of modern research. He found himself in the position of a dog who, instructed in dietetics, recognized only the words " bone " and " biscuit ". He came to realize that it would take him half a lifetime to acclimatize himself to this rarefied atmosphere. The scientist was talking about things he could not understand, even when they were explained to him. That, indeed is the meaning of the practical disappearance of the " scientific column " from the general newspapers, even the best of them : it is a tacit admission that science can no longer be made clear to the average reader.

The men of science were not to blame. They had got to the point—which even Jeans, with his unusual gifts of exposition, has reached in his latest book—of not being able to explain without the use of mathematical symbols, and to the common man, as to the simple eye of childhood, all equations are Sanskrit, without the nowadays compensating quality of being Aryan. The equations, it was realized, were not going to get any simpler, or the number of dimensions fewer. Even the new conceptions showed a surprising faculty of multiplication. The protons and electrons which we had managed, with an effort of the imagination, to substitute for the indivisible particle of our boyhood had added to themselves neutrons and positrons and others of the family in a line that might stretch out to the crack of doom. New elements, too, continued to appear, though we had thought the list complete. No wonder the earnest student found it too difficult, and left the scientists to work it out in their own way.

But the story does not end, we will not say so happily, but so neutrally as that. What one suspects, if one dare not actually formulate it, is that the new "boom" in science has ended, in the case of the average man, in estrangement rather than appreciation. The grapes have proved to be out of his reach; and they were really such exciting and unique grapes that disappointment might well turn to dislike. And it has to be remembered that science has not only failed to give him the expected pleasure: it has even taken away that sort of pleasure—or should we say pseudo-pleasure?—he once had. Mr. Chesterton once wrote a poem regretting his Lost Eyes, which,

long ago,
Saw two red daisies in a flower-pot grow.

Have we not all rather regretted the lost sky of our childhood, when the stars were candles to lighten the darkness or kindly eyes to watch us in bed? Philosophers gave them names and linked them up with human destinies; but for the great part of history they remained, for the great mass of men, just an acceptable display of pyrotechny. Childish, perhaps, but how much pleasanter to think about than an infinite (or, let us say, all but infinite) abyss of chilly space, in which our plain arithmetic throws up its hands in despair, a space peopled by myriads of Cepheid Variables and Megallanic Clouds, and stampeding nebulæ, and Giants and Dwarfs that bear no relation to the much friendlier ones of Grimm. The astronomer no doubt feels in a superlative degree the thrill of the explorer as he strides with his light-year boots from system to system, but the rest of the world finds nothing but—bleakness. Vastness, cold, emptiness are qualities that affright the human mind, and it will not be comforted even by knowing that the sun's light is the equivalent of three-and-twenty-seven-nought candles, or that in the vicinity of Sirius you could carry a ton or two in your waistcoat pocket.

The turning point, I think, was the discovery that the universe was "exploding"—or, as Sir Arthur Eddington put it reassuringly, had already exploded. We had quite understood that we were no longer, as we once thought, the centre and special audience of these events, and that the solar system was of the utmost insignificance and unimportance. But it seemed a

sort of ultimate indignity that the innumerable company of nebulæ were fleeing *from* us, at increasing speeds, as fast and as far as they could go. (There seems to be no talk of their coming back, in spite of the alleged curvature of space.) What sort of universe is this in which everything is running away from everything else? In Newton's time everything was running into (or tending to run into) everything else, which was, if sometimes a perilous, at least a friendly gesture. There is no intimacy in putting another million miles between us with every second that passes. It is all of the stuff of nightmare, and a startling change from that sober, matter-of-fact universe that gave us so much reassurance in the nineteenth century. O. Henry has a story of a young lady who went up to the top of a New York skyscraper with a companion who told her many cheerful things about billion distances and temperatures and luminosities. When she came down she went at once and married the proprietor of the smallest store in New York, with just room "for the proprietor, his wares, a stove the size of a vinegar cruet, and one customer". The common man is in complete sympathy with the young lady, and hugs the intimacies and trivialities of this unimportant globe all the closer because of the frowning and illimitable background.

Nor will the common man, brought up on the simplicities of Newton and the apple, be easily reconciled to the space-time continuum, with its twists and wrinkles which, we are told, explain all the phenomena which had been put down to gravitation. The apple falls nowadays, not because the earth attracts it, but because there is some incomprehensible kink in space which prevents it from going in any other direction. We have loved the securities of earth, but what can one do but suspect this conception of the universe as something like a sheet of crumpled paper or a battered tin can? You may be offended, like Prince Hal, at the unsavoury similes, but what else can you liken the new space to? No doubt we misconceive the position, and no doubt the three-dimensional dictionary is ill-fitted to describe these mysteries; but I fear that the popular impression gathered from recent explanations is that we have exchanged a clean and homogeneous ether for a peculiarly complicated disorder. There is an ineradicable housewifely

suspicion of untidiness about anything (in however many dimensions) that is described as " crumpled ".

We find ourselves in a new world, and a world, it seems, changed for the worse. I speak, of course, only from the layman's point of view : nothing that adds to knowledge can really be for the worse, and the very quest itself is one of the things that makes life worth living. There have been backwashes before when the uprooting of beliefs left an uncertainty among scientists and bewilderment among the public. In reality a whole faith of mankind has just been swept away ; not, as usually happens, when it had already fallen into decline, but when it was in full vigour and supplied the working basis of human thought and activity. It is no wonder that the world is disconcerted : none the less because it is theory, rather than practice, that is revolutionized. That mood is in no sense diminished as we descend from the infinitely great to the infinitely small. The atom is not less dismaying in its invisibility than the heavens in their incomprehensibility. What is the plain man to think of the statement that " a particle may have position, or it may have velocity, but it cannot in any exact sense have both " ? What is he to make of an energy that works only by jerks, as if it were a railway station chocolate machine ? What is he to make of an electron that moves from place to place without covering the space between : of effects without causes and causes without effects : of a finite universe that still goes on perpetually expanding : or even of such a rudimentary problem as the question of what lies " outside " the finite universe ? He finds himself lamentably out of his depth even when he is told that his knowledge of the world " reduces merely to a contact between mind and mind —like the reading of a book, or listening to music ". It is an Alice-in-Wonderland universe dreadfully unfamiliar and disquieting. We never know what may happen next, though it is pretty sure to be something still more unsettling. The journey to Childe Roland's Tower, or Hänsel and Gretel's wanderings through the enchanted forest, contained no greater possibility of sensation than a stroll through the scientific world of today. Compared with some of its surprises, a bear or a witch would be a reassuring phenomenon.

So the common man realizes that he has to begin to think again, and think differently. Science has stepped into a darkness where he cannot follow her. It is a blow both to his ambition and his self-respect. The whole scheme of things has been shattered, and so far from remoulding it to our heart's desire, we dare hardly put one brick upon another; for all that we know today is that we must on no account put any trust in our senses, or our "commonsense", or our reason. There are psychologists who would add conscience to the list of things calculated to mislead. We are bidden to hold on to the speed of light as the one fixed point, the one unshakeable fact, in the shadow-land, but even that straw hardly suffices to keep the drowning soul afloat. We have yet to hear of the man so up to date that he wakes o' night and finds comfort in the reflection that light travels 186,325 miles a second and all's right with the world. The solid world has become a ghost and the static world a whirling dervish dance. Our self-confidence is utterly shattered, and we have yet to see how a community can get along with so severe a shock to its mental balance. Fortunately, it is a lighthearted public, easily diverted by racing odds and cinemas; and it is on the whole more likely to put science aside than to brace itself to a study of unexpected severity.

The Plain Man is, indeed, an hard case, for little by little his progress is barred in every direction. Time was when a man of intelligence could get a general smattering of half a dozen sciences and keep in touch with them. That time is far past. Practically every science is becoming interdicted to the amateur by reason, not only of its increasing range and complexity, but by the terminology which it has had to invent for its purposes. Specialization increases year by year; and the once-humorous definition of the expert as a man who knows more and more about less and less has become a grim reality. Does it not in its extreme form indicate a man who knows everything about nothing — a lamentable conclusion? Certainly there is no denying that we grow less and less a world of professors and students and more and more a world of experts and ignoramuses. And there always looms ahead the danger that a world of specialists will be very short of men capable of handling *universal* problems. It is a deficiency already becoming obvious.

There is a rather grim parallel even in the scientific discoveries of today. Under our eyes the various branches of science are moving apart from one another—" in ever-increasing velocities "—exactly as the nebulæ of the heavens are receding from one another : and not only from one another, but from the earth, which may be taken to typify the common man of our discussion. The prospect is equally bleak for physics and for human life. But there is, we are told, just a possibility that we are wrong, and that the spectral lines in question may yet be accounted for in other ways. Let us hope that, in any case, the parallel to that reconsideration will hold true, and that the world's knowledge will not fly apart in irrecoverable splinters.

One would like to believe that the present attitude of disillusionment and disappointment is only a passing phase. This is admittedly an age of transition ; and a melting-pot is always in a sense a witch's cauldron. There is the encouraging thought that the human brain responds to stimulus, and it may be that, to boys brought up in the four-dimensional atmosphere, the Einstein doctrines may prove no more difficult than the Pons Asinorum was to our grandfathers. But against that is the fact that science is progressing much faster than any curriculum can keep up with, and it seems that the average brain must always lag hopelessly in the rear. Disillusion is usually a wholesome process, for it means that truth is substituted for error ; but where is the advantage if the new truth cannot be assimilated ?

It is, no doubt, just possible that science may take a turn for simplicity (one feels it in one's bones that the ultimate secret is simple) ; and it would certainly be regrettable if, when the final explanation is forthcoming, only half a dozen professors of mathematics can understand it. At the moment this seems a fairly probable denouement ; and it is so far from exhilarating that a man may be excused for wishing that he could pick his science from the past, at preference, as he can pick his music or his art. But in this matter we are all bound upon the wheel of time, and can do no more than utter a protest against what seems the unreasonable limitation that we can get only a passing glimpse of knowledge before it vanishes into the impenetrable thicket.

THE PRICE OF PEACE

By W. Watkin Davies

LOOKED at from the standpoint of mankind as a whole, perhaps the most important aspect of the Nazi revolution in Germany is the enormous emphasis which it puts upon racial purity. For quite obviously such a doctrine is not merely a domestic concern.

When we look at a map of Europe we see that it is divided into a number of differently coloured areas, to which such names as Italy, Germany, France, Norway, Denmark, are appended. These areas differ widely in size, as well as in natural riches. The disparities between them have always been a fertile cause of international jealousy; and many wars have been waged with the express purpose of adding certain square miles to this one, and taking certain square miles from that one. Much more frequent, however, would such wars have been were it not for the fact that the dominant racial group inhabiting each of these areas adopted, in the main, a tolerant attitude towards other racial groups living within the same area. Thus it did not matter so very much to the Dane that his was a small country if he could freely emigrate to the larger spaces of Germany, and have there equality of opportunity to use his bodily and mental vigour. Sentiment apart, it must have been some consolation to the Jew to know that if he was deprived of the possession of Palestine, he could nevertheless hope to become Prime Minister of England, or Viceroy of India.

Now, however, if the example of Germany is to be widely followed, the position will be very different; and the difference will be entirely for the worse. For what the dominant racial group there is saying is that the entire area belongs to it, and to it alone. All other races there are trespassers, to be allowed to remain on sufferance, if at all. Such a claim can have only one result: the smaller racial groups, deprived of equality,

and even in effect of the right to exist at all, will become an ever present disturbing influence in the international system.

It behoves us, therefore, to put the question quite bluntly: What should confer a title to any particular portion of the earth's surface? Time was, and that less than five centuries ago, when the Pope claimed to have the right to all undiscovered lands vested in himself; and he could transfer them to the nation of his choice. And so, in virtue of this claim, when geographical discoveries were following one another thick and fast in the age of the Renaissance, the Pope drew a line from Pole to Pole, and presented all new lands situated to the east of it to Spain, and those to the west to Portugal. Thus it was that Spain came to have a vast empire in America, and Portugal an unchallenged dominion throughout the Indian Ocean. Not unnaturally, however, the Protestant nations, not to speak of the non-Christian ones, would have nothing to do with such claims. Nevertheless they hit upon a method which was, on the whole, a good deal less sensible, viz., that the daring explorer who had succeeded in planting his country's flag on a particular territory, not hitherto claimed in virtue of a similar act by any other Christian country, should thereby be deemed to have established in perpetuity a title to the entire territory on behalf of his own nation. It is obvious that the reasonableness or absurdity of this method must vary in accordance with the size of the territory in debate. Most people would probably allow that the man who first discovered Sark should be entitled to annex it for ever to his country. But what of an island the size of Borneo? And what about Australia? In the case of the last named we have an island hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent, only the minutest fraction of which was ever beheld by the eyes of its first explorers; and yet claimed by the English, in virtue of their discoveries, as an eternal possession.

So long as these remote lands were of trifling economic worth, and while there was an abundance of other territory which rival Powers could acquire by a similar title, the claim was never seriously disputed. But now the position is very different. Some of the territories thus acquired (*e.g.* Australia and East Africa) are obviously under-populated. Think of

hungry Japan with its 404 persons to the square mile, or of India with its tens of millions dwelling ever on the verge of starvation, and compare them with Australia, with its two inhabitants per square mile, South Africa with its 15, East Africa with its 20, or the United States with its 36. The argument that Australia and Africa will be filled with their own people a century hence carries no conviction ; for no one will readily consent to suffer privation in the present for the purpose of making adequate provision for the unborn descendants of an alien race in the remote future. Can we wonder that the people who live in the congested areas of the earth look with envy, and even with resentment, at the immense empty spaces which nobody uses, and which nobody is likely to use for many years to come, but which for them would mean a good and healthy life ?

It is natural that an over-populated country should desire that, if some of its people are compelled by economic pressure to emigrate, they should not be for ever lost to it ; that they should not be absorbed by some foreign state, but retain their own civilization and, if possible, their old political allegiance. It is thus that the great colonizing nations have always thought. When Britain sent her sons and her daughters to Canada, to New Zealand, to Australia, and to various parts of Africa, it was in the hope that, in those far-off lands, they would build new Englands, close patterns of the Old Country, to be for ever bound to it by the most intimate ties of sentiment and politics. The gallant Pilgrims of the Mayflower were not willing to remain in Holland, despite the fact that there they would have enjoyed complete religious freedom and a civilization not inferior to their own. No, rather than see their grandchildren become Dutchmen they crossed the Atlantic, faced innumerable perils in a wild land, there in a new world to found a home which should still be England, and in which they would still use the familiar place-names—Boston, Plymouth, Newhaven, Hampshire, Cambridge, Portsmouth, and a host of others—still speak the old tongue, still take a pride in the ancient heritage. And as one stands to-day within the beautiful precincts of Sulgrave, nestling so peacefully amid its flowering gardens in a fold of the Northamptonshire hills, and ruminates

over the sentiment which led the Washingtons from it to Virginia, with all the marvellous consequences of that migration in the subsequent two hundred years, it is impossible not to feel thankful that those men and their descendants, despite all rivalries and bitterness, retained the rock-bottom foundation of British civilization, and that they did not allow themselves to be absorbed by an alien race.

And it is not only sentiment which makes a state anxious to retain the allegiance of its own children: that desire is reinforced by at least two other considerations. One is a purely economic argument: To bring up children, feed them, clothe them, and give them a sound elementary education, is a costly matter. It has, in fact, been estimated that by the time a child has reached the age of fourteen his country has spent no less than £300 upon him. And then, having invested that not inconsiderable sum, are we to make a present of him to a foreign nation; a nation which, having been exempt from all the expense attending his unproductive period, immediately begins to reap the fruits of his productive years? The enormous prosperity of the United States in the early twentieth century may be attributed, at least in some measure, to the fact that its population was largely built up of annual increments of adult labourers, all of them nurtured and trained at the expense of some other state. Furthermore, be it noted that the emigrant is, as a rule, a being well above the average in body, mind, and character. The second argument is a political one: Whatever we may think about the propriety of so doing, it is indubitable that states regard their population in the light of cannon-fodder; as a reservoir of strength from which they can draw in times of war. France's perfectly genuine feeling of insecurity, both before 1914 and after 1918, is largely based upon the fact that her own population, relative to that of Germany, is growing steadily smaller. In international conferences France now sits with the *immigrant*, not with the emigrant, countries. In the same way, and for the same reason, Japan, seeing herself beset on three sides by the teeming millions of Russia, China, and the United States, is eager to call into being as big a population as possible.

The unfortunate thing to-day is that, while the arguments

in favour of colonial possessions are as cogent as ever, there is not a foot of the earth's surface which is not already either crowded, or else owned by some powerful state which cannot be persuaded to relinquish its hold upon a morsel of it. So far as Great Britain is directly concerned there is not much semi-vacant land that she could dispose of even if the wish to do so were present; for no one imagines that Australia or New Zealand or Canada would cede a portion of their territories at the behest of Downing Street. But indirectly, of course, our responsibility is great; inasmuch as it is only the knowledge that the British Navy is in the background that keeps intruders out of the desirable lands of the Pacific. Colonists do not go to countries which are already adequately peopled save as exploiters, or to hold the few higher positions in the professional or business world to which their superior skill, or their possession of capital, entitle them. Of desirable lands still under-populated to an unfair extent the greater part by far belongs to the various nations of the British Commonwealth, and consequently it is upon the citizens of that Commonwealth that the heaviest responsibility rests.

But although the ideal from the point of view of a self-respecting nation is that its emigrants should retain their ancient political allegiance, and consequently form colonies, they are for the most part willing to accept what appears to be inevitable, and rest satisfied, at least for the time being, with ordinary emigration to another sovereign state. Such emigration is at least capable of relieving the terrible pressure due to over-population, with its consequent lowering of the standard of living. It should, however, be borne in mind that in the past an overflow has been limited almost entirely to the white races. An easy first as emigrants is claimed for the British people. For some time now, however, the coloured races, the yellow ones in particular, have begun to stir. Most noteworthy is the tremendous rate at which the Chinese have been swarming into surrounding territories.

Time was when the newer countries, great in area but meagre in population, warmly welcomed all immigrants of ordinary capacity and respectability. But that is no longer the case. To-day the gate through which the would-be immigrant has

to pass is being made so strait that comparatively few are able to squeeze through it. Prior to 1914 emigration was practically unrestricted; but now it is hampered on every side. Even Great Britain, for so long hospitably open to all, to-day sifts very carefully the aliens knocking at her doors, and allows only some 6,000 to be admitted every year. Unfortunately, whatever wisdom there may be in this policy of restriction is neutralized by the freedom which we allow to about 20,000 subjects of the Irish Free State to come in annually. It ought to be obvious to every politician that it is futile to send at great expense a few hundred boys every year to Canada or Australia as an aid to the solution of our unemployment problem while at the same time we fill, and much more than fill, their places with Irishmen, the majority of whom immediately join the necessitous classes, and become foci of revolution in our industrial areas and big towns.

Other States are very much stricter than Great Britain in the control which they exercise over immigration. Here we have one of the thorniest problems in the whole field of international relations; and it is more than usually clear that there is much to be said on both sides. For, on the one hand, we have the traditional view of State Sovereignty, which insists that it is for the nation itself to determine its own racial composition, and consequently to allow, or refuse to allow itself, according to its good pleasure, to be contaminated by other stocks. In some cases a refusal to permit such an admixture may rest upon prejudice pure and simple; in others, however, it may flow from a well-considered policy. But in every case the principle is the same—namely, that a state, if it be truly sovereign, must be entitled to slam the door in the face of all outsiders.

We can construct imaginary cases, or we can cite actual ones, in which this policy of excluding foreigners altogether, or of admitting them in such small numbers that they can be easily assimilated, appears to be dictated by the highest political wisdom. Aristotle, when laying down the indispensable conditions of a healthy state, insisted that it must possess a definite character of its own, and be powerful enough to impress that character upon all its members. In order that it might be so,

he declared that the community must be a small one; for the unit of loyalty may easily be so large that the true sense of fellowship is diluted into something mechanical and nondescript. Athens must be Athens; and Sparta must be Sparta; and their respective citizens should be capable of being recognized in virtue of their inherent qualities. The modern state would have appalled Aristotle by its magnitude. In all probability he would have dubbed it a perversion, and not a true political society. No doubt he would be ignoring the fact that modern means of transport and of news transmission—trains, steamers, cars, aeroplanes, newspapers, telephones, wireless telegraphy, etc.—have made it possible for a nation of many millions, so long as it is racially more or less homogeneous, to attain a real sense of community. Nevertheless a state may become too big for such consciousness of unity to be produced even by the aid of all the devices with which science has equipped modern governments. And, furthermore, it may be extremely perilous (as the experience of the United States between 1914 and 1918 clearly proved) for a state to have within its boundaries communities of alien speech and culture, whose hearts are still in the homelands from which they came, and not in the political society of their adoption. It is also probable that to admit large numbers of another race whose members are accustomed to a much lower standard of living, and who consequently are willing to work for a pittance, would mean the infliction of untold harm, not only upon the economic life, but upon the entire civilization of the nation.

Here, then, is a powerful *prima facie* case in support of a stringent anti-immigration policy. It is met, however, on the other side by a most pertinent query from the overcrowded country: viz., "Seeing that we are unable to support our population, a population which apparently will continue to expand for at least some years to come; and seeing that we have not, nor ever can have, empty colonies placed at our disposal; what are we to do if the nations which could accommodate our surplus refuse to do so?" And at this point there is one observation which ought to be made: which is that in erecting artificial barriers on the path of migration an attempt is being made to hinder a phenomenon which has been a marked feature

of human history from time immemorial. Just as water will find its own level, and wherever it is prevented from so doing a trial of strength between it and the opposing barrier will inevitably take place, so it is with the migrations of peoples. Populations have always moved about, countries that were too full emptying their surplus into those that had empty spaces. Where they were hindered in the process, a trial of strength between the invaders and those already in possession of the soil took place. Now let no one imagine that this restlessness is a thing of the past only; for, on the contrary, it is at present in full swing in many parts of the world; while in sundry other parts it would be in operation but for the fact that the opposing forces are too powerful to be overcome. Prior to 1914 there was a rising tide of Indians, Malayans, Chinese, and Japanese; not to speak of Poles, Irish, Jews, Italians, and Russians; all of them beating against the barriers of the under-populated countries. The war naturally stayed the torrent; but after 1918 the movement was renewed with increased force; while at the same time the opposing barricades were strengthened. In that fact lies the tragedy, as well as the pressing danger, of the situation as it exists to-day. The country which, in recent times, has had by far the most experience of immigration is the United States; for its population has been largely recruited from foreign stocks. Between 1880 and 1914 emigrants were pouring in at a tremendous rate; up to 1893 mainly from Britain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries; between 1893 and 1914 mainly from Russia, Italy, and the several component parts of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The years of the war revealed to an over-optimistic America that these enormous numbers of aliens had not been assimilated; that they constituted little foreign enclaves all over the country; and that they were capable of anti-social conduct. Americans of British descent began to set up the cry that the purity of the race, and even American civilization itself, was in danger. The alarm soon spread; with the result that there was a pronounced nervous reaction of the original stock against all foreigners, not only negroes and yellow folk, but Slavs, Latins, and Jews as well. In the days when we believed that environment was of greater importance than heredity, it was confidently

assumed that the aggressive Yankee would easily succeed in imprinting his own image upon all foreigners who settled in his country. But to-day neither science nor the experience of the recent past leads us to believe that the eleven million negroes and the thirty-six million foreigners of diverse races in the United States will be easily or quickly assimilated. The reaction was sharp ; and now the born American is a fervent believer in heredity. Eugenics has become not only a popular subject of study but a plank in a political platform.

It is only natural that the wave of intense feeling roused in the United States over the question of racial composition should reflect itself in the statute book. The Immigration Laws of 1917, 1921, and 1924 are, in fact, only a registration of the changed views of American politicians. It is all a matter of political eugenics ; the right to admission being regulated in accordance with the principles of heredity—so-called Nordics being welcomed on the whole, provided they are not likely to become an economic burden ; Latins and Slavs being carefully sifted ; while Asiatics are excluded altogether.

That the United States has achieved the purpose which it set out to achieve must probably be allowed ; but since in the world of to-day no nation can live unto itself alone, the reaction of other countries to the anti-immigration policy is enormously important. By the law of 1924 (the most drastic of the whole series) the real sufferers were Italy and Rumania. Naturally exclusion was regarded by them as an insult. It is the exclusion of Orientals, however, that has created most bad blood. At Paris, in 1919, speaking as the most advanced representative of the coloured man, Japan had asked for a plain declaration in favour of racial equality ; but the demand had been emphatically rejected. And soon it began to be evident that the inferiority of the coloured peoples was to be no mere academic principle, but that the great white Powers were going to give it expression in terms of practical affairs, particularly in the case of immigration policy.

A small infiltration of Japanese into California had sufficed to alarm American opinion. It was the not unnatural dread that a small percentage of workers on a lower economic level would drive out the majority on the higher level ; just as

Gresham had taught that a small quantity of bad money will always suffice to drive out the good. Japan could never have considered seriously the emigration of her subjects to California as a possible or adequate outlet for her surplus population. It was the insult to the national honour implied by the racial discrimination of the new Immigration Laws, rather than the actual economic injury sustained, that rankled in the mind when the United States bolted and barred its doors against any further influx of Asiatics.

Canada had already, in 1923, imposed stringent restrictions upon the admission of Chinese, by an Act of Parliament which is noteworthy as the first instance of the exclusion of a particular race by unilateral legislation instead of by treaty. The American Immigration Act of 1924 in that respect followed the example set by Canada : it put on one side the former custom of " Gentlemen's Agreements," and substituted for it the unilateral law enacted in virtue of state sovereignty. One after another of the prominent statesmen of the day, in their public utterances, endorsed the contention that a state possesses an irrefragable right to control immigration solely in its own interests, and without regard to the sentiments of other countries.

That a similar policy of discrimination, levelled not only against yellow men and black men, but also against various European races, is in vogue in South Africa, in East Africa, in Australia, and in New Zealand, we all know ; and in every case the state would lay claim to an absolutely free hand in the matter by virtue of its sovereignty.

Underlying the whole of the argument contained in this article is the assumption that the halt which has, on the whole, been reached in the rapid expansion of the white peoples will continue indefinitely ; and that likewise the unrestricted fecundity of the coloured peoples will continue. It would not be surprising therefore if some reader should advance this criticism : " On your assumption the argument may be all very well. But what we all know is that the white peoples are deliberately restricting births, on the principle of adapting the mouths to the quantity of food known to be available. Having previously made up their minds as to the standard of living they are determined to enjoy, they then take good care

that the population shall not be so big as to impose a strain upon that standard. Can the people who are on a lower scale of civilization really expect to be able to convince the higher nations that they must make irksome sacrifices in order that the former may continue to swarm indiscriminately?" To that argument a cultured Chinaman or Hindu would perhaps retort that this boasted western "standard of living," made up as it is of so many luxuries, is not demonstrably more civilized than the simple life, without motor cars, or *de luxe* trains, or elaborate cookery, which he prefers. For, after all, it is not self-evident that a film star, living in a luxury suite in some palatial hotel, is higher in the scale of humanity than Mr. Gandhi in his almost naked simplicity.

To determine who has the best of the argument is, perhaps, impossible. Nor does it matter very much. If the white peoples resort to birth control, it is for their own pleasure and convenience that they do so. And, likewise, if the coloured people continue to regard birth control as an abomination, they will please themselves in the matter. The stark reality of the situation will remain in spite of all argument and counter-argument; and that reality indicates that the white and restricted peoples will be able to hem in the coloured and unrestricted ones only so long as they have the physical power to do so.

So much of our peace propaganda is not merely futile but definitely mischievous, owing to its failure to appreciate the act that peace cannot be a negative thing, that the world cannot suddenly be made static. We praise such international agreements as the Locarno Pacts, with their crystallization, apparently for all time, of existing boundaries; yet nothing could be worse for the world than a universal "Locarno," dooming all peoples, whether progressive or stagnant, to remain strictly within their present frontiers. Such a negative peace, fortunately for human progress, must always prove impossible of attainment, no matter what documents statesmen may sign. It must prove impossible because, in a world which from its infancy has had ample demonstration of the power of the sword to bring tyrants to reason, and to compel the redress of grievances, covenants and pacts, conditions which large masses of mankind firmly believe to be unjust and intolerable, could not be perpetuated.

What revolution often is in the domestic sphere, that war often is in the international sphere : both are drastic methods of making actual conditions square with ideals where peaceful and constitutional ways of so doing are not available. For the nations of the earth are divided, just as individuals for the most part are, into " haves " and " have nots " ; and to-day it is not easy, save where there is express moral justification, to argue in favour of such a position of accidental superiority and artificial inferiority. Fascist Italy gave unequivocal expression to its determination not to allow the " saturated " Powers to retain the spoils of the past, while sheltering behind the shield of modern peace propaganda, in its comments upon the Kellogg Pact. The *Popolo d'Italia*, the personal organ of the Duce, on the morrow of the signing of the Pact, uttered these significant words : " France, England and the United States may well speak with horror of the war which would alter the present *status quo ;* but we, who breathe with great difficulty, can but see in every League, in every collective move of those who have and will give nothing, an Insurance Committee working against the interest of the rising peoples." Precisely the same view of the matter prevails in Japan, with the additional exasperation due to wounded national pride. To many of the most enlightened statesmen of the Island Empire of the Far East it is now beginning to appear that the whole policy of association with Geneva has been a mistaken one, and that Japan's slogan had better be : " Back to 1915."

We who were born into the great heritage of the British Empire, not unnaturally find a good deal of this argument distasteful ; yet when we are disposed to lend an ear to the voice of conscience we are forced to admit that there is something to be said for the contention of the less lucky nations. And even if we fail to be convinced of the justice of their claim, we assuredly ought to be able to see that to flout it unsympathetically is to make war sooner or later inevitable.

AMATEUR JUSTICE

By Cecil Fifoot

ONE of the most curious and characteristic phenomena in English national life is the cult of the amateur. The professional, as practitioner, administrator or expert witness, is *prima facie* an object of suspicion. Even the schoolboy shares the distrust of the prize-winner who has notoriously worked to gain his end, and reserves his applause for the athlete who has added a scholarship to his laurels as an interlude in sterner tasks. In sport, indeed, amateur worship is under a temporary eclipse, though the House of Lords has recently ruled that to cast a doubt upon a golfer's amateur status may still be considered defamatory. But in politics and in the administration of justice little encroachment has as yet been made upon the sacred principle.

The higher courts have " from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary " been staffed by professional judges. The reasons are sufficiently obvious. In the first place, law is a science as well as an art, and demands a series of reasoned judgments so that its principles may be elaborated. A story is told of Lord Mansfield and a general in the army whose appointment to the governorship of a West Indian island involved him in the adjudication of legal causes. Lord Mansfield said to him, " Take my advice, and you will be reckoned a great judge as well as a great commander-in-chief. Only hear both sides patiently, consider what you think justice requires and decide accordingly. But never give your reasons : your judgment will probably be right, but your reasons will certainly be wrong". The advice was wholesome, and may be recommended to all laymen whom circumstances place in a judicial capacity. But had it been followed by English judges, the development of a scientific body of law would have been impossible. In the second place, a trained mind is required, not only to sift the evidence

and disentangle the issues in a complicated case so that a jury may neither be misled nor bewildered, but also to ensure the attitude of impartiality, without which the administration of justice is a mockery. Not until the attempt has been made does the layman realize how difficult it is for him to eliminate prejudice and decide a dispute without reference to the personalities or social issues involved. These considerations are admittedly decisive in determining the personnel of the higher ranks of the judicial hierarchy, but in the lower courts, where the multiplicity of cases and the scanty time available for their decision render their application still more desirable, they have not yet been allowed to prevail.

It is worth while to examine the origin of the amateur Justices of the Peace. They were first instituted by a Statute of 1346 to "keep the peace" by repressing riots and supervising the "hue and cry". In 1330 they were given power to arrest persons charged with crime and send them for trial to the King's Judges, and in 1360 they were empowered to try cases themselves. In the next century they began to be entrusted with administrative duties which, under the Tudors and Stuarts, they exercised subject to the searching supervision of the Star Chamber. This Court, which has incurred more obloquy than any other tribunal in English history, has a more favourable record than prejudiced or indolent historians are accustomed to portray. At least it was not until its abolition that the Justice of the Peace was able to emerge as the unfettered ruler of the country. The eighteenth century was the golden age of territorial influence, and its literature testifies to the power of the amateur alike in politics and in law. Squire Western and Sir Roger de Coverley not only presided at Sessions, punished the normal offences of country life and expounded to admiration the technicalities of the Game Laws, but concentrated in themselves the activities that are now associated with county councils and municipal corporations, or with such of them as an unenlightened age considered necessary or desirable. "As to the powers given to them", said Blackstone, "by the several statutes which from time to time have heaped upon them such an infinite variety of business that few care to undertake and fewer understand the office, they are such and of so great importance to the public

that the country is greatly obliged to any worthy magistrate that, without sinister views of his own, will engage in this troublesome service".

The "infinite variety of business" thus heaped upon a tolerably complacent squirearchy comprised administrative, police and judicial duties. The first have not survived, save with rare exceptions, the reforms of the nineteenth century, but the last have been little impaired by the passage of time. The gross abuses which stained the exercise of their police duties were purged towards the close of the eighteenth century, largely through the exertions and influence of Henry Fielding, himself a magistrate between 1749 and 1754. At this time there existed in London a race of "trading justices", who made their money by the most flagrant exploitation of their position and opportunities. An account of their activities was given to a Parliamentary Committee of 1816 by one Townsend, a Bow Street runner, who had been in the police service since 1782. "At that time", he said, "it was a trading business, and there was Justice This and Justice That. Justice Welch in Litchfield Street was a great man in those days, and Justice Blackborough a trading justice at Clerkenwell Green and an old ironmonger. The plan used to be to issue out warrants and take up all the poor devils in the street; and then there was the bailing of them, 2s. 4d., which the magistrates had, and taking up 100 girls, that would make, at 2s. 4d. a time, £11 13s. 4d. They sent none to gaol, the bailing them was so much better". Fielding himself, who, like the other London magistrates, was paid almost entirely by fees, said of himself in 1754: "By composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money on earth to little more than £300". Outside London, of course, magistrates received no remuneration whatever, and the temptation and opportunity of extortion alike were absent, but no reader of Fielding or Smollett can feel satisfied that the powers of the country justices to issue warrants were exercised with a single eye to a proper observance of the peace.

All this is now a distant story. The "trading justices" have followed Dogberry and Verges into oblivion. Nor is the issue

of warrants in ordinary criminal cases likely to cause difficulty or require reconsideration. But there remain occasions when this power might more safely be entrusted to professional judges. The Sedition Bill at present before Parliament, though in Committee it has been shorn of some of its more objectionable features and now requires the concurrence of two Justices of the Peace before a search warrant can be issued, still confers on magistrates the right to issue something dangerously like a general warrant. Even if controversy be waived and the existence of the Bill admitted as necessary to secure the loyalty of the Forces, it would surely be more compatible with elementary rights of liberty and justice to require the authorities who seek to use such powers to obtain them, like a writ of Habeas Corpus, from one of His Majesty's Judges, or, at least, from a professional magistrate.

It is, however, in the exercise of their judicial duties that the present system of amateur magistrates is most open to criticism. It must be remembered that there are two distinct courts held by Justices of the Peace. The first is Petty Sessions, called sometimes the Magistrates' Court; sometimes, with a more sinister connotation, the Police Court. The activity of this tribunal is familiar to the reader of every newspaper in the country, but the diversity of its powers is not more remarkable than the gravity of its decisions. Not only does it range from matrimonial causes to assaults, from betting and licensing offences to poaching, from petty theft to infringements of the traffic laws, but the average number of persons annually sent to prison by the magistrates is seven times as great as those committed by all other courts put together. The character of its cause list, moreover, raises issues of exceptional complexity. Applications for separation or affiliation orders require the exercise of tact and judgment, motor accidents present questions of fact notoriously difficult to disentangle, ejectment summonses involve legal issues which are among the most delicate that County Court Judges, in their somewhat parallel jurisdiction, are called upon to solve. When it is added that the average litigant is a comparatively poor and uneducated man, to whom the proceedings are a necessity and not a luxury, the need for an exceptionally careful and impartial administration of justice is evident. Yet Petty Sessions remains,

par excellence, the preserve of the amateur judge. Of its innumerable courts, only eighteen, outside the Metropolitan area, are staffed by professional whole-time Stipendiary Magistrates.

The complaints proffered against the Justices sitting in Petty Sessions may be summarized under five heads. The first concerns their composition and method of selection. Until comparatively recently they were appointed by the Crown on the nomination of the Lord-Lieutenant in each county, but the criticism provoked by the curiously uniform conservatism which they evinced led in 1910 to the establishment of a Royal Commission. Acting on its recommendations, Advisory Committees have been formed to assist the Lord Lieutenant and secure a more equable distribution of political favours. The result has not been satisfactory. The office of Justice has become a minor, but tangible, reward for political services, the party organizations use their best endeavours to " get their man in", and the average Bench resembles a Committee of the House of Commons rather than a body of impartial judges. The evil has been admitted and condemned by the present Lord Chancellor, speaking at a meeting of the Magistrates' Association, but the prospect of reform is apt to be obscured by the mass of vested interests involved.

From Benches thus constituted it would be idle to expect any profound appreciation of the legal issues which they have to try. Occasionally, indeed, a lawyer may slip through the meshes of the Advisory Committees and confound the practitioner who relies on the normal incapacity of his Bench to understand the law. More than one unwary Police Court advocate came to grief when Professor Kenny, the famous criminal jurist, presided over the Cambridge Petty Sessions. But such incidents are exceptional. Ignorance of the law is, if not a necessary qualification, at least an almost inevitable concomitant in the selection of Justices, and each year more problems of an intricate legal character are set for them to solve. Equally grave is their ignorance of, or contempt for, the ordinary rules of evidence. No rule is more rooted in the English system of justice than the principle that a man's previous record shall not be allowed to affect the question of his guilt or innocence on a new charge. He is arraigned upon a particular issue, not upon the history of his life. It is not because he is a person *likely* to commit crimes that he is to be punished,

but because he *has* committed the very crime in question. Yet nothing is more usual in Petty Sessions than the disregard of this elementary principle. Defendants are convicted on their record, on the magistrates' knowledge of their private life, on the attitude which the police adopt, and the Justices appreciate, towards an " old hand ". Defendants represented by counsel can keep the Bench in order : the more frequent and unfortunate litigant who is not legally represented has little chance of an acquittal.

Ignorance of the law and of the rules of evidence has two further undesirable consequences. In the first place, the magistrates place themselves, almost necessarily, in the hands of their Clerk. He is, indeed, the power behind the throne. Not only is he the one official who knows anything about the law, but he is usually the one person whose notes of the evidence are intelligible. Unfortunately the Clerk is, in the majority of cases, a solicitor in private practice, and, though not permitted to take cases in his own court, his position is obviously invidious towards the litigants upon whose trial he exercises so profound an influence. In the second place, the magistrates are consciously or unconsciously biased in favour of the police. It is impossible to attend Petty Sessions either as a practitioner or as a spectator without observing the different treatment accorded to the witnesses for the prosecution and to those for the defence. The police are in the main an honest and competent force, but their evidence is often not unnaturally coloured by a desire to secure a conviction and thus justify themselves and their colleagues. Both judges and counsel in the superior courts realize the caution with which police evidence has to be sifted. The Justices of the Peace seem in some strange way to think it necessary to promote *esprit de corps* by " supporting the police " wherever this is humanly possible. Almost the only class of cases in which the Justices enjoy the privilege of thinking for themselves is to be found in Licensing Sessions, where the grant or refusal of an application depends notoriously upon the personnel of the Bench. If it contains a majority of temperance advocates, the application is hopeless, if of " publicans and sinners " its success is inevitable. An impartial survey of the issues raised is practically unknown.

Finally, it is necessary to observe the variety of sentences imposed by different benches for the same offence. Absolute uniformity is impossible and perhaps undesirable, nor is it attained by the judges in the superior courts. But the diversity of opinion displayed in the punishment of such cases as motoring offences not only reflects a lack of common policy, but tends to cast the whole administration of the Law into disrepute. Nor do the magistrates distinguish, on any intelligible principle, the comparative gravity of the different offences under the Road Traffic Acts. The same fine is too often inflicted alike for technical contraventions and for wild and deliberate hooliganism on the roads. There is much to be said for the view that the heavy toll of road accidents can be reduced, not by multiplying offences, but by securing uniformity of administration. The existing law, properly enforced after a manifestly impartial examination of the evidence, would probably prove an adequate safeguard. Earl Howe, in the recent debate on the Road Traffic Bill in the House of Lords, proposed to try all offences under the Bill by special courts, assisted by two assessors " having special knowledge and experience of the driving of motor vehicles". It may be that the Government was right to resist a proposal which would have created anomalous tribunals with their suggestion of class preference ; but at least it must be said that the administration of the motoring laws by the present Justices of the Peace precludes the hope of a solution which shall be at once reassuring to the public and fair to the motorist.

The second court held by Justices of the Peace is the Court of Quarter Sessions. This court, as its name implies, is held four times a year for the trial before a Jury of charges too grave to permit of their summary determination at Petty Sessions. The jurisdiction of the court is extensive. It can try all criminal offences save those punishable by death or penal servitude for life and a few specified exceptions, such as perjury and forgery, which involve peculiarly difficult questions of law. Even with these reservations, the number and quality of serious offences thus entrusted to Quarter Sessions remain high. Whereas over the last six years an average of 3,000 cases went to the Assizes, presided over by Judges of the King's Bench Division, in the same period the average number determined in Quarter Sessions

exceeded 4,000. It is true that 108 cities and boroughs have now obtained the privilege of a local Court of Quarter Sessions, in which the presiding judge is a Recorder, necessarily a barrister of standing and experience. But in the counties the lay magistrates remain, and it is significant that they are called upon to try twice as many cases as their professional colleagues in the towns. If the presence of the amateur in Petty Sessions is surprising, his persistence in Quarter Sessions is an anomaly incapable of defence. Not only is he entrusted with the prime responsibility for the liberty and reputation of his fellow citizens in cases of the utmost gravity, but he has to disentangle complicated issues and explain them to a jury. This latter is one of the most difficult tasks that can be thrust even upon a trained mind, and the Courts of Appeal are constantly engaged in checking the errors of the superior judges who seek to perform it. The mental condition of the juror who has looked to a lay magistrate for guidance in a case of fraudulent conversion, or sought to appreciate from his lips the distinction between larceny by a trick and false pretences, had better be imagined than described.

If these are the facts, what is the solution ? In a book entitled *English Justice*, published in 1932 by an author who, for intelligible reasons, writes under the pseudonym of " Solicitor", the position is examined in detail. The author, obviously familiar with the *minutiæ* of the courts, sustains a detailed and, in the main, a convincing, indictment of the present system, and offers a series of suggestions for reform. His two most striking proposals relate to the method of appointment of the magistrates and of their Clerks. The former, he suggests, should be selected from a panel, to which nominations should be made by various bodies such as Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture, County Councils and the local Law Societies. After selection by the representatives of these bodies, a further examination of the nominee's qualifications should be undertaken by trained officials. The Clerks themselves should be permanent, full time Civil Servants, appointed and paid by a central authority. With the latter suggestion there will be general agreement : the former seems of more doubtful value. The process of selection proposed is not only cumbersome in itself, but scarcely appears likely to achieve its object. Even if the best possible amateurs are

appointed, they will still remain unqualified to deal with the problems that beset them.

Surely it would be better to abolish the present system in its entirety, to appoint Stipendiary Magistrates to all Courts of Petty Sessions and Recorders to all Courts of Quarter Sessions. A major operation of this character would arouse no more opposition from vested interests than the more timid and less valuable reform already suggested, while it would succeed, at one blow, in eliminating the evils which accumulate around the voluntary system like barnacles on the hull of a ship. The undue influence of the Clerk and of the police would be removed, the impartiality which results from a scientific detachment secured and the deliberations of the jury properly controlled and directed. The initial cost would in some measure be offset by the diminution in the number of appeals required, and in any event is hardly to be measured in the scale of justice. It has been laid down as a legal axiom that " it is important, not merely that justice should actually be done, but that it should *seem* to be done". If English citizens are to feel satisfied that this axiom is fully translated into practice, the lower courts, in which the more familiar questions of law and order are determined, must be as adequately staffed as the higher, and the anachronism of amateur justice relegated to the archives of legal history.

PHANTOM HORSEMAN

By Martin Armstrong

MRS. TARRAS, the farmer's wife, turned over in bed and opened her eyes. She had already been asleep a long time, it seemed, but her husband hadn't yet come to bed. She glanced at the floor over beside the window. If he was still sitting in the kitchen she would see the three short streaks of light from the room below shining through the joins in the warped floor-boards. But all was dark ; he wasn't there. Then he must have gone. Well, let him go, she thought resentfully, so long as he left her in peace. Good riddance ! What annoyed her was that he should think her fool enough—her who had lived on a farm all her life—to believe that it was some job on the farm that kept him out all night once, if not twice, a week.

It had been going on over a year now. It was always the same. She would come up to bed, leaving him reading the paper, and when she put out the candle she could see those three streaks of light on the bedroom floor. At first she had kept awake, watching them and listening. She would hear the dry rustle of the paper when he moved or turned the page, the gritting of his boots on the stone floor when he stirred his feet, his short, gruff cough. At last there would be a louder sound, the concluding skuffle of the paper and simultaneously a harsher scraping of his boots and of the legs of the chair pushed suddenly back. Now she would listen for the decisive sound. She would hear now whether he was taking off his boots before coming up to bed in his stocking feet, or whether he crossed to the door in his boots. In either case the three golden streaks on the bedroom floor would fade out a moment later. Then, if his boots were off, would come the dull, heavy stumping of his feet on the stairs, and then the abrupt opening of the bedroom door. He never thought—not he—of opening it quietly in case she was asleep. But if he still had his boots on she would hear the

house door open and shut, and then the house fill with silence. He had gone out. Still she watched, watched until a lantern carried across the yard sent a distorted, magnified, dimly luminous pattern of the bedroom window swinging slowly and briefly round the walls. Five minutes later she heard him lead his cob out of the stable, clop, clop, clip, clop ; a brief pause while he mounted, and then the cob's hoofs, loud and slow, across the yard, then quicker and fainter as they turned out on to the road.

But nowadays she didn't bother to watch or listen. Let him go, so long as he left her in peace. Good riddance !

* * * *

Twenty minutes after the sound of the cob's hoofs had died out, they emerged, vague, muffled, hardly audible, in a soft, grassy cart-track between high hedges. At the bottom of the lane a lonely cottage stood behind the hedge. There was no light in any of its four windows ; in the vague darkness of the night it looked like a solitary mound of earth half-hidden under two enormous elm trees. In one of the two small rooms under the thatch a little boy was asleep ; in the other lay a woman, listening, listening as Mrs. Tarras had listened twenty minutes ago, to the sound of the cob's hoofs. She could not be sure at first whether the faint, dull, pulsing rhythm came from the lane or from the heart thumping softly in her own body. Then came a clean, sharp sound. A short interval, then another—the familiar, unmistakable sound of one of the cob's shoes striking a loose stone. Even the soft footfalls were distinct now. Then there was a pause, and then the faint metallic clink of the gate-latch and a repeated clinking, almost identical yet different, the cob clinking his bit. Then dull footfalls went round to the back of the cottage.

She waited for a moment, then got up and crept downstairs in her nightgown. Very cautiously she unbolted the door. Yes, he was there, the tall black figure waiting, noiseless and motionless. She drew the door wide open and stood, a faint white wraith, in the dark doorway. The dark shape stirred, black and white ghosts were merged in one, faded, and the door closed noiselessly on the night.

* * * *

The following afternoon Mrs. Mornington called as usual for her eggs. She always got her eggs, and a fowl or a duck when she wanted one, from Mrs. Elsted, and she usually called for them herself. It would have been easy to send the gardener's boy or one of the servants, but she liked the walk and she liked Rose Elsted. She had always thought her mother, who still lived in the village, a most respectable woman, and she had known Rose ever since she was a small girl. It must be lonely for her nowadays, poor woman, in that solitary cottage with her husband dead and no one to talk to but her little boy. And so she walked over, with a basket for the eggs, about twice a week, and always stayed for a little chat. Rose Elsted seemed to do pretty well with her chickens. She had always kept a few, but after her husband's death she had gone in for them on a larger scale. Now she had about a couple of hundred. Mrs. Mornington had wondered at first how she had been able to afford them, but she had gathered from Rose that Tarras and one or two other farmers in the neighbourhood had set her up, giving her a few fowls and ducks and some sittings of Rhode Island Reds, and she was allowed the use of a field and orchard behind the cottage. Tarras sent daily for all the eggs she could give him, and disposed of them along with his own, so that she was saved the trouble of marketing them herself. Mrs. Mornington, when she called for her eggs, occasionally brought clothes or shoes for the little boy, or an old dress or shoes of her own for the mother. Rose liked her, she knew. They understood one another, and Mrs. Mornington found she could talk more freely and intimately to the handsome, gentle-mannered young woman than to the other cottagers she knew.

" You know, Rose ", she said, as she sat down, small, middle-aged, energetic and authoritative, in the chair Mrs. Elsted drew up for her, " what you must do is marry again ".

Rose smiled and shook her head.

" Yes, I mean it ", said Mrs. Mornington. " This is no sort of life for a fine young woman like you, stuck away here miles from anyone."

" Oh, I don't mind being alone ", said Rose. " Besides, who could I marry ? "

" Who could you marry ? You know perfectly well, though

you may think *I* don't. Why, Jenner, of course; George Jenner. He wants you to." She held up her hand to stop Rose speaking. "Oh, don't tell *me*. I've heard all about it. He's asked you more than once, and you couldn't have a better husband."

Mrs. Elsted shook her head again. "No, ma'am, I couldn't marry him."

"Why not? Nobody could help liking him."

"Oh, I *like* him, but . . . well, I don't fancy him, not for a husband."

"H'm! You're too particular, that's what it is. However, if you won't, you won't, I suppose. Then why not go and live with your mother, or get her to come here? That would be better than living all alone."

Rose Elsted laughed. "We shouldn't get on, Mother and me. She's difficult, Mother is. Her ways aren't always my ways, and if things isn't done in her way, well . . .!" She shrugged her shoulders and a humorous smile lit up her handsome face.

"I don't know what to do about you", said Mrs. Mornington, smiling at her severely. "You're so stubborn."

"Just do what you do now, ma'am; come and see me and keep me cheerful."

Mrs. Mornington got out of her chair and took up her basket. "I've no patience with you", she said.

* * * *

It was a week later, when the man from Tarras's farm called for the eggs, that Rose first heard the news. "You've heard about the boss?" he asked.

A cold hand gripped at her heart. "Mr. Tarras? No. What is it?" Her voice was hardly more than a whisper.

"He's pretty bad. One of the horses got him against the wall yesterday. She always was a bad 'un, that mare. You've got to be nippy when you takes in her fodder, or she gets you up against the stall. Crushed in his ribs, she did. Doctor says it's pretty serious."

She felt her face shrivel and turned away so that the man shouldn't see. At last she managed to speak. "Have they taken him away?"

"No. He's at home, at the farm."

She had had a sudden hope that he had been taken to the hospital at Woolchester. Then she might have been able to go to him. But she couldn't go to the farm unless he sent for her, and she knew he wouldn't do that.

All day and all night, in her agony of anxiety, the physical sense of the accident tormented her, the sense of the great strong body that she loved, crushed in, the ribs crushed in against the stall. Was he thinking of her, longing to see her, she wondered. Or was he unconscious? Terrible pictures of him haunted her, his face lying back on the pillow horribly transformed, his keen blue eyes tight shut, the long gaunt mould of his great body under the blankets.

Next day the man brought the news that he was dead, and all that day and the next she passed in a kind of stupor, sometimes seeking refuge in the false belief that it was only a dream, and then, with the pretence suddenly stripped from her, facing, naked herself, the terrible naked reality. She had the strange feeling that if only she could make some immense effort of the mind, she would force the reality to become untrue, wake up from it as from a nightmare. But something that was too strong for her frustrated the effort, thrust the reality back on her, and she sank under the strain.

By the second night her emotions had for the time exhausted themselves and she lay in bed resigned, almost apathetic. She was dropping off to sleep, tired out, when suddenly every nerve in her body tightened. For a moment she believed that the dreadful reality had been conquered at last, that she had awoken; her nerves relaxed and a blissful relief flooded her like a warm tide. But only for a moment. Then inescapably, inexorably, it all came back. It was no dream; he was dead, and her nerves tightened again. She listened, strained her ears till the silence seemed to hiss softly, continuously, like a distant waterfall. But through it, unmistakably, came the quiet, dull pulse, so familiar during all the past months. It must be her heart this time. What else could it be? And then indeed she heard her heart thumping fast and thick against her throat. But this sound of her heart was different, it was not what she had heard at first, and now that other sound was audible through it, pulsing, pulsing

softly outside in the lane ; and then, sharp and clean, came the well-known noise of the cob's shoe striking a loose stone.

A cold terror crept over her skin. For the first time she realized the utter loneliness of herself and the boy in the cottage, of the cottage in the great dark stretch of empty country. They were alone, far from any comfortable human being, alone with this, coming towards them down the lane. Her thoughts flew to the boy in the next room, but she felt at once that he, at least, was safe. Whatever it was that was coming, was coming not to him but—she faced it with cold terror—to her. The leisurely pulse of the hoofs came on ; they were close, terribly close now. And now, as usual, they paused at the gate and a moment later she heard them move round the cottage and then stop. What was going to happen now ? If she went down and opened the door, what would she see ? She was overwhelmed with terror mixed with the heartrending conviction that, dead though he was, he wanted her—a dark shadow, with no substance now behind the shadow, waiting for her to open the door. She couldn't face the appalling possibility ; terror prevailed, and she lay immovable, every sense astrain, huddled in the bedclothes. Her nightgown clung to her naked body ; she was bathed in sweat from head to foot, and she felt the sweat freezing on her. Not a sound came from below, not a sound on the stairs. Could it be that he had entered the locked door, glided noiselessly upstairs, that he was with her now ? This shuddering chill that possessed her, the icy touch of her nightgown, could it be . . . ? She thrust the thought from her before it could complete itself, and lay frozen, not daring to stir a finger, the bedclothes drawn up about her ears.

She felt the hours pass over her. Then by slow degrees her blood flowed back, the mortal chill began to abate, and she fell into a doze.

When she awoke, the room was full of grey light. The night terror had gone ; she was calm, exhausted, marvellously relieved at the escape into the sanity of daylight, as after a night of fever. But she knew none the less that what had happened last night was no feverish dream, but plain fact. She got out of bed, crept downstairs, half-opened the back door, and looked out. There in his usual place under the bough of the apple-tree, the

bough round which Tarras always tied the halter, stood the cob. She knew, or thought she had known, he would be there ; yet the actual sight of him appalled her. At the sound of the opening door he raised his head and pricked his ears. She shrank back with a shudder. The cob, quietly leaving his place, went off slowly round the cottage. Trembling violently, she bolted the door and went upstairs. When she reached her bedroom she heard, as she had heard so often before in the early morning, the cob's hoofs in the lane below, their soft thud sharpened now and then by the sharp click of the shoe against a loose stone. But this time he did not, as always before, break into a smart trot, but plodded on at a languid, funeral walk until he was out of hearing. She stood, pale and spellbound. Then, struck to the heart by the piercing familiarity of it all and that one desolating difference, she covered her face with her hands and burst into sobs.

When she and the boy had had their breakfast she packed a few things in a string-bag and locked up the cottage, and they set off down the lane.

" Where are we going, Mother ? " the boy asked.

" To stay with Granny", she told him.

But they did not go direct to the village. They struck across a field-path where she knew there was a chance of seeing Jenner. She came upon him sooner than she had expected, loading turnips into a cart. He smiled at her, stuck his fork in the ground, and ran over to speak to her.

But it was she that spoke first. " I'll marry you if you still want me to, George."

He stared in amazement, believing that she was joking. " You will ? " he said.

She nodded.

" When ? "

" As soon as you like ", she said.

A warm flush flooded his face. He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her forehead. She received his kiss without response. " I shall be staying with Mother in the village ", she said.

" What, leaving your cottage ? "

" Oh, I shall be at the cottage most of the day, I've got the

chickens to see to ; but I'll be going back to Mother at nights."

" Are you coming back to the cottage today ? "

" Yes, when I've been over to Mother's. I've got the chickens to see to."

" I'll be along this evening before you go", he said, and then added : " Shall I ? "

" Yes ", she said ; " I'll wait for you till seven ", and she and the boy went on their way.

A CHAMPION OF THE COMMON LAW

The Tercentenary of Sir Edward Coke

By Sir John Marriott

"BETTER free than sober". The Episcopal dilemma was not, in fact, absolute. John Bull, loving both his freedom and his beer, has always declined to be impaled on either horn. With his beer this article is not concerned. Its theme is the fight waged by a great English lawyer for liberty, personal and political. As to the Englishman's attachment to liberty there is no dispute. "Liberty", wrote Sir James Mackintosh, "is the object of all government". Mackintosh, like the two Mills, belonged to the Utilitarian School and wrote in the heyday of Benthamite Liberalism. We may assume, therefore, that he identified liberty with *laisser-faire* — the absence of restraint, whether exercised by government or by his fellow citizens. That conception of liberty does not in these days go unquestioned, yet it is not long ago that a great contemporary satirist—more serious, perhaps, than he wished to appear—declared that "the great purpose of democracy is to prevent your being better governed than you want to be governed". That purpose was, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's judgment, better attained—at any rate up till 1933—in the United States than anywhere else. Mr. Shaw interpreted the American Constitution as "a great protest against this tyranny of law and order . . . a constitution of negations to defend liberty, liberty, liberty—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—against the only checks on anarchy that could secure them". It was a characteristic Shavian outburst. Whether recent events in America have altered Mr. Shaw's opinion I know not. But it would greatly interest me to know how the "laughing philosopher" would define "liberty". It would not, I suspect, be in the terms of the Benthamite philosophy.

Yet powerful as is the contemporary reaction against *laisser-faire*, most Englishmen are still instinctively responsive to any suggestion that their freedom is imperilled :

All we have of freedom, all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us long, long ago.

So Mr. Rudyard Kipling sang in *The Old Issue*. The old King, as the poet hints, is apt periodically to reappear in different habiliments, under a new name. Tyranny, we had been taught, was decisively defeated by our fathers. Are the sons called upon to renew the contest ?

How so great their clamour, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name.

The adjuration may be deemed superfluous ; yet it is less than half a decade since the Lord Chief Justice of England deemed it his duty to descend from the Bench into the market place in order to warn his countrymen against the tyranny of the " old King " under a new name and in strange garments. Whether the warning uttered by Lord Hewart in *The New Despotism* be called for or not remains a hotly disputed question. Be that as it may, it seems not inappropriate to recall today the memory, and comment briefly on the career, of a great English lawyer, with all his faults a stout champion of liberty, who died just three hundred years ago (September 3rd, 1634).

Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was born at Mileham on February 1st, 1552. In 1582 he married Bridget Paston, a member of the famous Norfolk family whose letters, happily preserved, have thrown so much light on the social life of England in the fifteenth century. Miss Paston brought Coke a dowry of £30,000, besides a large estate in land. Further favoured by the patronage of Lord Burghley, Coke made rapid progress at the Bar, entered the House of Commons as Member for Aldeburgh, a Suffolk borough, in 1589, became Solicitor-General in 1592, and two years later Attorney. His appointment as Attorney brought Coke for the first time into collision with the man destined to be for a quarter of a century his keenest rival and most persistent opponent. But Coke was, paradoxically, the official candidate, favoured by the Queen and the all-powerful Minister ; Francis Bacon

was the candidate of the Earl of Essex, but had given offence to Essex's mistress by his opposition to subsidies. Coke's high repute as a champion of the Royal Prerogative was further evidenced in 1593 by his nomination as Speaker of the House of Commons. In that delicate position he showed his dexterity. The temper of Parliament was rising rapidly after the defeat of the Spanish Armada ; the Tudors had accomplished the purpose for which dictatorial powers had been conferred upon them. The office of Speaker—then the Crown's representative in the House of Commons—called for exemplary tact. Coke conspicuously displayed it both as Speaker and as Attorney. In the latter capacity he acted as Counsel for the Crown in the prosecution of Essex and Southampton, and also, after the accession of James I, in the prosecution of Sir Walter Raleigh and of Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators.

In his conduct of the case against Raleigh, Coke was seen at his worst. Raleigh's guilt or innocence is not the point now at issue. The insolent brutality with which Coke conducted the prosecution has deservedly linked his name in the history of our criminal law with that of Judge Jeffreys. He described a great Englishman as " a monster with an English face and a Spanish heart ", a " spider of hell ". " I will make it appear to the world ", said the Attorney, addressing the prisoner, " that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou ". A blustering bully, Coke did not hesitate to kick a man when he was down, but his conduct in the present case had the usual result. Popular feeling, strong against Raleigh at the outset of the trial, gradually veered under the influence of Coke's violence in favour of the accused. Found guilty by the jury and condemned to death by the judge, Raleigh was reprieved by the King, but only to die, fifteen years later—nominally under the sentence passed on him at Winchester in 1603—really to placate the Court of Spain.

The year after the Gunpowder Plot, Coke was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. It was in that position, curiously enough, that he began to play an important part in politics.

The apparent paradox is easily resolved. One of the great problems which the seventeenth century had to solve was the

place of the Judiciary in the Constitution. The Stuarts were determined to make the Judiciary the handmaid of the Executive. Bacon's view was in accord with that of the Crown, and of late years Bacon's star had been steadily rising. For more than twenty years the rivalry between himself and Coke had invariably issued in the triumph of Coke and the discomfiture of Bacon. From the Forum, it had extended to the domestic hearth. Shortly after the death of his first wife, Coke had contracted (1598) a second marriage with Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the widow of Sir William Hatton and a granddaughter of Lord Burghley. For this matrimonial prize Bacon had also been a competitor, and his defeat did not improve the relations between him and his rival at the Bar. But after 1606 a marked change took place in Coke's attitude towards public affairs. Hitherto the champion —not unrewarded—of the Crown, he stood forth, henceforward, as the jealous guardian of the liberty of the subject, the persistent apologist for the supremacy of the law.

This change is commonly attributed to Coke's elevation to the Judicial Bench. That it coincided with his promotion is undeniable. It is not certain that it can be ascribed to it. There is, I submit, an explanation more creditable both to Coke's character and to his intellect. It is this. So long as Queen Elizabeth reigned, any good patriot, any man of sense, would, on broad issues, have supported the Crown. But the Stuarts had not been long on the English throne before it must have become clear to any man of intelligence that great issues would have to be fought out. It is outside the scope of my immediate purpose to discuss on which side the balance of argument lay. There was evidently room for a difference of opinion. Bacon sincerely believed that it was all-important to maintain intact the Prerogative of the Crown. Good government still demanded that the Executive should be strong. Parliament, therefore, must not encroach upon the Prerogative. The judges must support it. Bacon's language in his essay, *Of Judicature*, is almost an echo of that used by the King :

> It is a happy thing in a State when Kings and States do often consult with judges ; and again when judges do often consult with the King and State ; the one when there is matter of law intervenient in business of State ; the other when there is some consideration of State intervenient in matter of law. . . . Let judges also remember that Solomon's throne

was supported by lions on both sides. Let them be lions, but yet lions under the throne, being circumspect that they do not check or oppose any points of sovereignty.

To Coke, the champion of the Common Law, this doctrine was anathema. It might commend itself to the head of the Court of Chancery; Bacon might, as Lord Chancellor (since 1618), or as politician, desire to see the precepts and the practice of "Administrative Law" introduced into England. Most continental countries have accepted the principle and have established *tribunaux administratifs*. There are, indeed, eminent lawyers in England today who hold that personal liberty would be less insecure, under existing circumstances in this country, were we frankly to follow the example of our neighbours. It may be so. For the moment I am concerned only to make clear the point at issue between Bacon and Coke. Coke believed that the judges ought to be entirely independent of the Executive. Such independence constituted the strongest guarantee for the liberty of the individual citizen. At the moment when the issue was raised in an acute form the position of Parliament appeared to be precarious.

The "Addled Parliament" had been dissolved with contumely in 1614. How long it might be before Parliament met again no one could at the moment foretell. The States-General of France was also dissolved in 1614, and never met again until 1789. Was there any certainty that the English Parliament would not suffer similar suspension?

These, be it remembered, were the circumstances under which Coke came forward as the champion of the Common Law, and encouraged the judges to impose some check upon the autocracy of the Crown. More than one quarrel between the Crown and the Courts occurred about this time. In 1615 a certain Somersetshire parson, the Reverend Edmund Peacham, had been sentenced by the High Commission Court to deprivation for libelling his diocesan. Subsequently indicted for treason, Peacham was sentenced to death; but before indicting him the King and Council, to make sure of their ground, consulted the judges individually. This right of auricular consultation tending, as he thought, to sap the independence of the judiciary, Coke strenuously denied. The quarrel was carried

a stage further by a more famous case, that of *Commendams*. Bishop Neile, a leader of the Arminian party, was presented by the King to a valuable living to be held *in Commendam* with his bishopric. A dispute as to the appointment having arisen, the case was referred to the whole court of twelve judges. The King therefore ordered the judges to stay proceedings until they had taken counsel with him. Instigated by Coke they refused; but, being summoned before the King in Council, they all, with the exception of Coke, made their submission and accepted the contention of the King. A few weeks later James summoned the judges to the Star Chamber and addressed to them an elaborate allocution on the relations between the Crown and the judges. "Encroach not", he said, "upon the prerogative of the Crown . . . the absolute prerogative of the Crown is no subject for the tongue of a lawyer, nor is it lawful to be disputed. . . . It is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do. . . . So it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do."

That was the Stuart theory of monarchy set forth in all its nakedness. Coke indignantly repudiated the doctrine. A fortnight after the delivery of the King's allocution, the Chief Justice was suspended from his office (June 30th, 1616), and in the following November was definitively deprived. The reasons for his dismissal were announced to the Council by the King himself. The Chief Justice had brought condign punishment upon himself by "perpetual turbulence towards the Church, the prerogative and the jurisdiction of certain courts", his hunting after popular favour; his refractory conduct in the Council, "rather busying himself in casting fears concerning what they could not do, than joining his advice what they should do". The reason was expressed more tersely by Chamberlain, the Horace Walpole of that day: "The Common Speech is that four p's have overthrown and put him down—that is pride, prohibitions, præmunire and prerogative."

Coke did not, however, pass entirely out of favour. He had a powerful friend at Court, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Buckingham persuaded James I to restore Coke to his place on the Privy Council, though not to the Bench, in 1617, and—still more remarkable—to promote his election as Member

for the Borough of Liskeard to the Parliament of 1621. These favours were purchased at a price. The price was the marriage of Coke's young daughter to an elderly roué, Sir John Villiers, the elder brother of the Duke of Buckingham. The child was only fourteen years of age. Lady Coke strongly opposed the odious transaction and appealed to the Privy Council against her husband's abduction of the child from the custody of a devoted and distracted mother. Bacon, now Lord Chancellor, magnanimously repaid the lady's rejection of his suit by supporting her appeal against her brutal and callous husband. In so doing he not only risked the friendship of the all-powerful Buckingham, but further embittered his relations with Coke.

Sir Edward had not long to wait for his revenge. He had now exchanged his seat on the Bench for a seat, kindly but most incautiously provided by the King, in Parliament. He thus passed at a bound from the Presidency of the King's Bench to the leadership of the House of Commons. Once the champion of the Crown, then the assertive champion of the Judicature against the Crown, he was now to become the still more persistent vindicator of the rights of the Legislature against the Executive.

Before the crisis of the Parliamentary shuffle was reached, the personal rivalry between Coke and Bacon was ended by the "last enemy"—the dread power alone capable of ending it. In 1621 the Lord Chancellor had been impeached by the Commons and found guilty by his peers in the House of Lords. It is beyond the scope of this article to discuss the rights and wrongs of the case. Macaulay accuses him of having been "a servile advocate that he might become a corrupt judge". That is grossly exaggerated censure even for Macaulay. Bacon was, in truth, better fitted for philosophy than for politics; his real home was the study rather than the forum or the senate. But he knew himself to have "clean hands and clean heart". He did not rise superior to the abuses characteristic of his time; but he was the victim, not the author, of them. He admitted that he was frail, and unfitted "by the preoccupation of his mind" to "play a part in civil causes"; but he strenuously pleaded his innocency of heart, and, even though the sentence on him was just, the plea must be admitted. Disgraced in 1621, Bacon died in 1626. The grave at last closed over a lifelong and bitter rivalry.

Coke, meanwhile, was going from strength to strength in Parliament. The crucial issue between the first two Stuarts and their Parliaments turned on finance. The deflation of the currency had made it quite impossible for the King to " live of his own ", or to keep the machinery of government going on the income which sufficed for frugal princes like Henry VII and Queen Elizabeth. But while the Crown was increasingly impoverished, Parliament was determined to use the instrument of finance to obtain a larger and larger measure of control over the Executive.

This was keenly appreciated by Coke, and so vehement was his opposition to the demands of the Crown, that in 1626 he was pricked as a sheriff, and so was excluded from the Parliament which met in that year. But the disqualification was merely temporary, and in the Parliament of 1628 he took the lead in promoting the Petition of Right.

Of the four points raised in that historic document Coke regarded two as pre-eminently important. In both the liberty of the individual citizen was deeply involved. The first demanded that no man should " hereafter be compelled to make or yield any gift or loan, benevolence, tax, or such like charge, without common consent by Act of Parliament. . . ."

Even more directly did the second point refer to personal liberty. The whole crisis had, indeed, been precipitated by the arrest and detention of a number of persons for their refusal to subscribe to a forced loan demanded by the Crown. Among them were five knights whose case was destined to make history. The knights appealed to the Court of King's Bench for a *habeas corpus*. One of the most famous clauses of Magna Carta had declared that " no man shall be imprisoned except by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land ". Relying upon this clause the knights urged that they were at least entitled to know for what cause they were detained. The Crown lawyers contended that it was a sufficient return to a writ of *habeas corpus* to certify that the prisoners were detained *per speciale mandatum regis*. The judges accepted the contention of the Crown so far as to refuse to liberate the prisoners on bail, but they definitely declined to admit the principle that the Crown might persistently refuse to show cause. The knights remained in custody.

The battleground was then shifted from the Courts to Parliament. The judges might be right or wrong in their interpretation of the law. As a fact they were more often right, less subservient to the Crown, than the Whig historians have been willing to admit. It is for judges to administer the law. If the law be bad or defective it is for the Legislature to alter it. But the English Parliament is instinctively conservative. It prefers to reaffirm an old right rather than proclaim a new one ; to put patches on an old coat rather than cut out fresh cloth. Accordingly, the Petition of Right recited the clause of Magna Carta already quoted and subsequent statutes reaffirming the principle contained therein. It then went on to declare that " against the tenor of the said statutes . . . divers of your subjects have of late been imprisoned without any cause showed and when for their deliverance they were brought before five justices by your Majesty's writs of *habeas corpus* . . . and their keepers to certify the causes of their detainer, no cause was certified, but that they were detained by your Majesty's special command, signified by the Lords of your Privy Council, and yet, were returned back to several prisons without being charged with anything to which they might make answer according to the law. . . ." The petition, accordingly, humbly prayed that no man should be " confined or otherwise molested or disquieted . . . and that no freeman, in any such manner as is before mentioned [i.e. without cause shown] be imprisoned or detained".

The drafting of this great document was the work of Sir Edward Coke. The credit of extorting the King's assent to it must be shared by Coke with John Pym and Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford. With the Parliament of 1628 Coke's political career reached its climax. The last days of the session of 1628 were days of high emotion. There was general agreement in the House of Commons that Buckingham, standing between the King and the Commons, was the cause of all the trouble. But when Sir John Eliot rose to express the sense of the House and reached the words : " I am confident no minister how dear soever can——" Speaker Finch started from his chair and stopped him. " There is command laid on me ", he said, with tears running down his face, " to interrupt any that should go about to lay an aspersion on the Ministers of State ".

Eliot sat down at once. Coke essayed to take his place; stood up, but, overcome by emotion, faltered and without a word sat down again. Then, quickly recovering, he spoke his last words in Parliament. They were aimed at the all-powerful favourite. "Let us palliate no longer. If we do God will not prosper us. I think the Duke of Bucks is the cause of all our miseries, and till the King be informed thereof, we shall never go out with honour, or sit with honour here. That man is the grievance of grievances." The old man had boldly said the word that was in every mind. Members found their tongues. The whole House followed the lead Coke had given.

Two days later the King's assent to the petition was reported: *Soit droit fait comme est desiré.*

In 1629 Parliament was dissolved, not to meet again until 1640, and with the dissolution of 1629 Coke's career came to an end.

"Sir Edward Coke, one of the most disagreeable figures in our history, is one of the most important champions of our liberties". Such is Mr. Trevelyan's verdict. I respectfully concur. Professional opinion, while paying just tribute to the colossal industry and rare acumen displayed in his *Reports* and *Institutes*, inclines to the view that he insisted rather on the technicalities of law than on the essentials of justice. As compared with Bacon's, his intellect was narrow; but the comparison is not fair to any man. After all, breadth of vision is rather inimical than otherwise to success in politics. Most politicians run best in blinkers. Coke succeeded; Bacon failed. Coke's quiver was less generously supplied than Bacon's, but his arrows went straight to their mark. Had the Stuart claims to Prerogative been admitted no man's person or property was safe.

Coke had to deal with a particular menace to liberty, at a particular time. He repelled it with eminent success. Narrow, coarse, brutal, intolerant he may have been; but greater men have achieved less.

PIDGIN-ENGLISH

By O. M. Green

" My name b'long Norval. Topside that too high mountain
" My too muchee olo fata pay that sheep he chow-chow ".

WHICH is the purest classical pidgin-English for that ponderous recitation dear to our grandfathers : " My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flock."

Through many years' residence in China pidgin-English was a never-failing delight to me, as it has been to thousands of other " China hands ", for its exquisite expressions, unexpectedness and unconscious humour. But, like too many other relics of the good old days which Young China is determined to sweep away, it is but a pallid image of the rich vocabulary in which the inmates of the Canton factories a hundred years ago built up huge fortunes. Foreigners, ceaselessly admonished that they can never do business in China without knowing her language, are labouring to learn Chinese ; hundreds of mission schools have for years past been turning out thousands of Chinese who speak English at least as well as most non-English peoples ; even among servants there are those who really resent being addressed in pidgin—my own No. 1 boy, for instance, a most dignified person with whom I certainly never ventured to take liberties. When a nurse whom we once had in the house, my wife being laid low with some ailment, addressed him with, " Boy, Mississi say you just now please go office-side talkee Master what time he wantchee chow-chow ", the boy simply ignored her and waited for my wife to repeat the order.

Classical pidgin-English is very rarely heard now. Even the modified pidgin, which is hardly more than a sort of slang adapted to the Chinese idiom and very easily acquired, is going out, though, by the way, it is still vastly different from the gibberish that passes on the London stage for pidgin. Before this racy invention of two civilizations, equally anxious to traffic together and baffled by each other's tongue, altogether disappears, it may not be uninteresting to give some notes of its origin and verbal blossomings.

It must be admitted that, to sinologues, pidgin-English is an abomination. Thus the late Rev. Samuel Couling, learned author of that valuable and interesting work, the *Encyclopædia Sinica*, defines pidgin-English as follows :—

> " An extraordinary jargon in use between native servants, shopmen, etc., on the one side, and foreigners who do not speak Chinese on the other. The word ' pidgin ' is supposed to be the Chinese attempt to pronounce the word ' business ' ; pidgin-English is therefore ' business-English ' ; it is certainly not literary English. In the main it is a limited number of English words used more or less according to Chinese idiom and mis-pronounced. . . . . The senseless dialect originated with the linguists (q.v.) in the old Canton days when very few foreigners spoke Chinese and no Chinese knew English. With the increase of intercourse it is rapidly passing out of use and will happily vanish before long ".

The linguists, it should be explained, were appointed to interpret in transactions between the early foreign traders and the Chinese—who were one and all forbidden to teach their language to a barbarian—and the *Encyclopædia Sinica* says of them :—

> " They were naturally extremely incompetent in translation, even if they had wished or dared to be honest in the case of petitions presented to officials ; they originated pidgin-English, and in its early days it was worse than now ".

Is it quite proper to comment so vigorously in writing an encyclopædia ? But great sinologues like Mr. Couling, connoisseurs in all the beauty and complicated exactitude of literary Chinese, may be forgiven for shuddering at the clipped and ungrammatical absurdities of pidgin-English. So might Lamont or d'Albert writhe on hearing a Beethoven minuet turned into jazz.

Hardly less contemptuous is Mr. Dyer Ball, describing pidgin-English in his *Things Chinese* as " mongrel talk ", " a wonderful gibberish, especially when talked in its purity ", " not at all like Chinese and so unlike English that newcomers require to learn it ". And he tells a story of a Boston visitor to Canton who, when taken shopping by a British resident, addressed the shop-man in pure Emersonian ; whereupon the shopman turned in bewilderment to the Englishman, saying " Moh betta you flen' talkee English talk, my no savvy Melican (*i.e.*, American) talk".

But surely a dialect cannot be described as " senseless " in which thousands of people have been able to exchange their thoughts with pleasure and profit,.

The only writer I know who has thought pidgin-English worth serious study is Charles Godfrey Leland, author of *Pidgin-English Sing-Song*, published in 1876—and even for him the humour of the language became too much before he had got through many pages. However, he tried to trace the origins of pidgin, collected a large number of songs and popular poems that had been converted into it by various humorists, and added a full vocabulary. He compares pidgin to " posh-an-posh, a corrupt Romany dialect spoken by English gypsies ".

The essence of pidgin is that pronunciation is modified to help the struggles of the Chinese tongue with certain foreign consonants ; while, in imitation of Chinese idiom, there is neither inflection nor conjugation. Thus, " My talkee he " may mean either I have told, I am telling, or I will tell, him. However, conjugation with auxiliary verbs is not unknown, as in the familiar phrase used, let us say, of an absconding debtor, " He hab go away Ningpo more far ", meaning that he has disappeared somewhere extremely remote and is not in the least likely to return.

William Hunter, an American merchant in Canton from 1825-44, author of some charming reminiscences, says that pidgin must have been invented long before the English came to China, in early Portuguese days, as shown by the number of Portuguese words adopted into it. For example, " mandarin ", from *mandar*, to order ; " patili ", from *padre*, for priest ; " joss ", from *Deos*, God ; " maskee ", from *masqué*, never mind ; and " junk ", the Portuguese pronunciation of the Chinese equivalent. The first Portuguese came to China in 1517, followed in due course by the Spanish and Dutch. The English did not establish themselves properly at Canton till the latter part of the seventeenth century. Then, however, their influence and trade so quickly transcended that of other nations that what had begun as pidgin-Portuguese became pidgin-English.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the Portuguese have become more closely merged in and identified with the Chinese than any other Western people, freely intermarrying with their daughters, bringing up colossal families on incomes on which most Westerners would not care to live even as bachelors, and speaking a Portuguese so mixed with Chinese and Malayan

words that the Portuguese Consul in Shanghai frequently has to employ an interpreter in dealing with his own nationals.

In the days of Hunter (mentioned above) Canton bookshops used to sell a booklet called *Devils' Talk*, that is, of course, " foreign devils ". This is evidently identical with the work mentioned by Leland—*A Vocabulary of Words in Use Among Redhaired People*. It is still the popular conviction of most Chinese that all foreigners have red hair, which they regard as a peculiar disfigurement, proof of Heaven's contempt for the barbarian. The cover of the booklet was adorned with a picture of one of the " redhaired ", in eighteenth century dress, and Chinese compradores and servants studied it as dutifully as their descendants may be seen, in offices today, studying orthodox grammars. As English waxed and Portuguese waned, and pidgin took on more and more an English character, it became so much the language of the Pacific that Leland quotes an American divine who thought seriously of re-writing the Scriptures in pidgin—much as in recent years Professor Goodspeed, of Chicago, has published the New Testament in Americanese, largely tinctured with slang.

Like any other language pidgin has always varied greatly according to the district where it is talked. In Peking it is hardly spoken at all. But in that serene atmosphere, where the traders never came until recent years and " mandarin ", the most melodious of all Chinese, is spoken by high and low, foreigners very easily learn to speak Chinese, and one cannot stay in Peking for three days without picking up a few words. In Shanghai the orthodox pidgin of the linguists, which foreigners really had to learn almost as much as had the Chinese, was becoming rare even twenty-seven years ago when I first went to China. Leland's vocabulary of pidgin, based largely on Cantonese usage, contains such extraordinary corruptions as " patluta " for an elder brother, and " yangshilutta " for a younger brother. I imagine these two words are now quite obsolete ; though I have heard " yangki " for " uncle ", and " haszeman " for husband is not uncommon, both words being the product of a Chinese tongue wrestling with the original English.

It never seemed to me that the Shanghai Chinese had so much of the conventional trouble with " r's " and " v's " as their

brethren further south—perhaps because the Shanghai dialect is notoriously so awful that the Chinese who talk it by nature can tackle any barbarian tongue. Conversely, it may be the special difficulty for foreigners of mastering Cantonese, with its numerous tones, which has preserved Canton as the classic home of pidgin-English that it should be. One curious exclamation, " galow ", used at the end of a sentence to intensify its force, is, I think, only heard in Cantonese, as in another line from " Norval " :

> " He smallee-heart man, too much take care catchee that dolla' galow ".

What could be more apt in such a context than " smallee heart man " ?

" Dollar ", it may be mentioned, or rather " Dolla' "—somewhat like " moh " for " more "—is generically used for money, Mexican dollars being the first coined silver that the Chinese saw. Thus a Chinese will tell you, " My brudda hab got velly goodee place, velly good chance he side, can catchee plenty dolla' ". " Chance ", as readers may guess, means luck, " he side " is " in his situation " whatever it may be ; " brudda " is quite a usual form of " brother ", at least around Shanghai.

The termination " ee ", supposed to be tacked on to every word by a Chinese in talking English, can easily be overdone, just as the use of " l " for " r " can be. (By the way, it is rather curious that the Japanese difficulty with these consonants is exactly the opposite to the Chinese ; they put " r " for " l ", and speak of " rady " for " lady ".) But the Chinese dislike ending on a consonant. Thus " good " becomes " goodee ", " catch ", " catchee " and so forth. In some words an " o " is used for the termination, as " olo " for " old "—" olo custom " in China is one of the most inflexible of her ultra-conservative gods, with whom, indeed, there is no shadow of turning—and " chilo " for child.

Thus the amah (Chinese nurse) listening to the howls of the infant next door, says to her mistress, " I think so that chilo just now hab catchee littie hot inside (otherwise has got fever). He too muchee clylo "—*i.e.*, cry.

Conversation in pidgin is much simplified (some might prefer to say complicated) by the number of duties which the same

word can be made to perform. Thus, from the amah's remark just quoted you would be wrong in assuming that the next-door " chilo " was a boy ; a girl would equally be served by the " he " —which in turn will do for " him " or " his ", just as " my " may serve for I, me, mine, we, us and ours :

Littie Jack Horner
Makee sit inside corner
Chow-chow he Clis'mas pie.
He put inside t'um
Hab catchee one plum
" Hai yah ",* what one good chilo my.

On the other hand, apparently unnecessary words are frequently inserted. Thus " one piecee man " ; " just now ", for " now ", which alone would be hardly intelligible ; " my t'ink so " for " I think ", and " moh (more) betta " for " better ". Which last is terribly catching and figures regularly in the speech of Far Eastern Europeans, as do many pidgin-English phrases. For example, two foreigners arranging, let us say, an appointment, will conclude with, " Righto, for next week then, puttee book ", the last words being pidgin for fixing a thing by writing it down, though no writing takes place. And " man man " (pidgin for " stop ") is really invariable.

To the newcomer these phrases are sometimes a snare, particularly in what Humpty Dumpty would have called their " portmanteau " use. Thus " can do " may mean that something can be done, or that it cannot be done, that one has had enough of it. I remember a " griffin " (that is, a newcomer to the Far East ; it is also used for ponies newly down from Mongolia, but I confess I have not been able to trace the origin of the word) when playing in a cricket match, had run one run and it was for the batsman at the other end to " call " ; when he did call " Can do ", the griffin not unnaturally started and was run out. " But I said ' can do ' ", exclaimed the other man indignantly. To which the griffin with equal heat replied, " I play cricket in the language it was born in, not in pidgin ".

No doubt pidgin-English is a jargon on which those who can speak Chinese freely may look with contempt. Yet how cheering, on a depressive morning, to overhear such a conversation

* A generic exclamation to express admiration, consternation, desolation, infuriation and any other shade of emotional aberration.

as this between one's wife and the cook :—

" Good morning, cook."

" Morning Mississi."

" Cook, I think so this day dinner can pay one piecee sirloin."

" Velly solly, Mississi, no can ; just now hab got war that side, ox no can walkee " (which means that, owing to the civil war round Chinkiang, the beef cannot come through).

" Oh, cook, what thing can do ? "

" Hab got velly goodee ca' ha'."

Mississi agrees, knowing her cook, but not in the least knowing what " ca' ha' " is until dinner time reveals it as calves' head.

That once popular line, " Yes, we have no bananas ", caused some controversy over its syntax, if I remember. But in pidgin it is perfectly correct and usual. You go to call on some lady and, on the boy opening the door, you ask :—

" Boy, Mississi just now have got, no have got ? "

To which he replies :—

" Yes, no hab got."

And with all its imperfections, pidgin is so expressive. Orbilius being in hospital, his friend Posthumus takes over his pony to keep it exercised. At the end of the month Orbilius, alleging a favour done him, says he will pay the stable bill. But Posthumus declines.

" Archer ", he says to the head mafoo, or groom at the Race Club—an obvious corruption of the man's real name Ah Chow—" My all time ridee that Master Orbilius pony, you pay my he bill, no pay Master. So fashion my think so more proper."

To which Archer, with all the Chinese sense of equity in such matters, replies vigorously—" Yes, yes, who man ridee, who man pay."

What could be more terse and effective ?

Or take the case of a friend of mine who, in the War, came upon two men of the Chinese Labour Corps sitting on a railway platform in the middle of France, miles from where they should have been, tranquilly regarding the world. My friend speaks Chinese, but not the particular dialect of these coolies. So, to ascertain whether they had or had not reached their destination, he simply asked them, " Finish, no finish ? "

To which they replied, " No finish ".

He thereupon put them in the next train to the base and all was well.

Many useful words have been added by pidgin to the Englishman's ordinarily stunted vocabulary. " More better " and " man man " have been mentioned, and " puttee book ". " Ossaw " or " Ossaw ti " is far more often heard than " Make haste ". " Ping-ping " takes the place of half-and-half or fifty-fifty. " Maskee " meaning " no matter " is simply universal and sticks to one years after one has returned to the home country. A shroff—the word was brought from India—originally a money-dealer, is now also a compradore's clerk, who collects debts, sends out bills, makes up accounts and generally does the rough work of the office ; hence the verb to " shroff ", meaning to check up anything, review some piece of work and see that it is in good order. " Pidgin " has been described as probably a corruption of " business ", but it means much more than mere office affairs. " No b'long my pidgin ", is " no concern of mine " ; " No b'long proper pidgin ", is " not at all the right way to behave ". And what could possibly be more expressive as the name for an apprentice than " larn pidgin " ?

Leland points out that " piece " or " piecee " is used somewhat in the sense of a definite article. But it also bears a very distinct and rather attractive sense in the common phrase, " small piece " for child. Few housekeepers buying tea or sugar by the " catty "—which is the hundredth part of a picul, which is about 133 lb.—realize that it is a pure invention of pidgin-English. And when two foreigners part with " Chin-chin " or, perhaps, to a lady, " Please give your husband my best chin-chins ", they unconsciously recall the Chinese reverential habit of bowing and stroking the chin. In pidgin we do not merely " see ", we must " look see " ; and the compound has also become a noun to express the appearance of a thing ; and yet further an adjective, as in the contemptuous phrase, " B'long all look-see pidgin ", meaning a parade or affectation.

To say of some man that " he hab got wata (water) topside ", is at least as expressive as to say he has bats in his belfry. And to say " he b'long numbah one bad heart loafer man " is as vigorous an expression for a first-class evil-minded wastrel as

could be wished. It is also to be remarked that pidgin can do a great deal more than can orthodox Chinese. There is the story of two amahs, who had accompanied their respective families to England, meeting on the front at Brighton. Overjoyed to see a compatriot, each rushed at the other, only to find that they came from different provinces and could not understand a word of their respective dialects. So they fell back upon pidgin. And I may add that I have seen this very thing happen among the boys in my own house on the arrival of a man from another province.

With these few directions as to the use of pidgin-English, I would ask the reader to see what he can make of the following version of " Excelsior ". These verses are quoted both by Leland and Dyer Ball, but I had found them, years before I read either book, in an old magazine of the China coast. Nobody knows now who wrote them, but legend has it that the author was an American naval lieutenant.

That nighty time begin chop-chop,
One young man walkee, no can stop.
Maskee snow, maskee ice,
He cally flag with chop (1) so nice—
Topside galow !

He muchee solly, one piecee eye
Look-see sharp—so—all same my.
He talkee largee, talkee stlong,
Too muchee curio, all same gong—
Topside galow !

Inside house he can see light,
And evely loom got fire all light.
He lookee plenty ice more high,
Inside he mouth he plenty cly—
Topside galow !

Olo man talkee " No can walk,
" By'mby lain come—velly dark,
" Hab got water, velly wide ".
" Maskee, my must go topside "—
Topside galow !

" Man-man ", one girlie talkee he,
" What for you go topside look-see ? "
And one time more he plenty cly,
But allo-time walk plenty high—
Topside galow !

(1) Chop=a seal on a business document, or, as in this case, a device.

" Take care that spoilum tlee (2), young man,
" Take care that ice. He want man-man ".
That coolie chin-chin he goodnight ;
He talkee, " My can go all light "—
Topside galow

That young man die. One large dog see ;
Too muchee bobbely (3) findee he.
He hand b'long colo all same ice,
Hab got he flag with chop so nice—
Topside galow !

MORAL.

You too muchee laugh—What for sing ?
I t'ink so you no savvy that t'ing.
Suppose you no b'long clever inside,
Moh betta you go walkee topside—
Topside galow !

Must we really agree with the sinologues that a language capable of so much picturesqueness and vigour will " happily " vanish ? For my part, pidgin-English is certainly one of the many things to which should be applied Lord Melbourne's maxim, " Why can't you let it alone ? " And this, not least, because it speaks so essentially of the kind and happy past, before the wretched, niggling disagreements of recent years had arisen, and before the Chinese had been taught by the Russians to see an " Imperialist aggression " in every act of the foreigner—when, in fact, the two communities lived very happily side by side, not mingling much, perhaps, but, where they came in contact, able to do so with mutual respect and friendliness. In some indefinable way one associates pidgin-English with all that is most endearing in the Chinese nature : their love of mirth, good-fellowship and readiness to live and let live. If, for example, one could seize one of those unhappy little Communist-taught students and compel him to shout his " anti-Imperialist slogans " in pidgin-English, it is a thousand to one he would soon begin to laugh, his native Chinese kindliness and good temper would reassert itself, and all would be peace.

There is no more lovable being on earth than a Chinese, and somehow he is never so lovable as when talking pidgin-English.

(2) Spoilum tlee=broken tree.
(3) Bobbely=trouble.

THE ONE-CHILD FAMILY

By Catherine Carswell

READING the other day in immediate succession two magazine articles of the kind known as " human documents " I was struck with the unanimity with which both writers—the first a contented, or more or less contented spinster who was ably defending the state of spinsterhood, the second a smug father of a huge family who was singing the praises of huge families—assailed the status of the only child. The unmarried woman, after drawing attention to some of the drawbacks of matrimony, suddenly became eloquent. What, she demanded, of the wretched married woman who has no children ? And what of that yet more pitiable object, the married woman who has only one child ? Going on to the man, I found that he devoted quite a large part of his space to a similar pity and condemnation of the one-child family. The two writers were not very nicely discriminated unless it were that all the pity was for the child and all the condemnation for the parents, with a sort of rider that in later years the parents might be pitied while the child was sure to be condemned by life and its fellows. Although not actually saying so, both writers, like most who touch upon this subject, took for granted that parents of only children were deliberate malingerers, and that only children were a notoriously modern innovation and bound to be failures as men and women, apart from the long misery of their childish years.

Having been myself, not from choice but from fate, the mother of two only children that would, if both had lived, have been separated by more than a decade, I felt—not for the first time—that the subject was not to be so easily dismissed. In fact, it is a subject that may conceivably be viewed from several angles, both as regards the child and its parents, and so I propose to survey it here. The combination of compassion and censure with advice

gravely tendered, has, I submit, become tiresome. It is a question whether the first two are relevant, and, although advice is always welcome to the wise, it may well be asked if it can be of much value when administered from a false or superficial standpoint. In any case, as the family of one is now fairly common, and as every family not beginning with twins is necessarily a one-child family, to start with, sometimes for several years—not to speak of families that are turned into one-child ones by death—it is to be hoped that there is room for cheerful counsels. While it is far from my aim to commend the family of one, there can be no harm in setting forth some of the facts that may reasonably be put to the credit side of the only child from his own point of view, and in directing attention to some of the fallacies that are common in arguments against his parents.

To take the child first, those who assail him with their commiseration are commonly either middle-aged or old people who believe that they have profited by the benefits of having been born into large families. That there are such benefits it would be foolish to deny. But the people who proclaim them are apt to forget the essential difference there is between the large old-time family of six and upwards, and the small modern family of two or three children. It is a difference that may be more important than that between the large family and the one-child family, anyhow as things find themselves in our modern world. And it must be generally admitted that for most couples today the large family is a counsel of unattainable perfection on economic grounds alone. They must choose, therefore, unless they are lucky enough to be both successful and prolific, between having one child, or two, or three—that is, when they have any choice in the matter.

In the old rough-and-tumble herd which had so much to recommend it, the family formed a complete little world of its own. Its members, segregated in a nursery and schoolroom or allowed to run wild without much supervision, could give as good as they got (and as bad as they got), could form alliances and find scope alike for solitude and a choice of companionship. Single oppressed or weakly members could find protection and patronage among their elders, and the strong could extend a satisfying and disciplinary support to those who had upon them

this natural claim. But in the small family there is as often as not a lack of the rough-and-tumble element, while there may be plenty of fierce or underhand strife. There is almost always less opportunity for undisturbed and healthy development. Through mere smallness of numbers the chances of equilibrium are lessened, and the casual clashing of temperaments that are fundamentally incompatible may become a real problem, the worse for escaping recognition by adults. But the only child can usually be furnished with companions of his own age with whom he will play usefully. Indeed, parents of only children will be found to make every possible effort in this direction, which is assisted by the increase of play centres and schools for children of tender years. Genuinely uncongenial companions can be changed. There is a wider choice and a bigger mixture.

But the child who has a brother or a sister is expected to be perfectly provided and contented with what Nature sends. If he is not, then so much the worse for him, the unnatural little beggar that he is! Where there were half a dozen of these closest of blood relations he would have been free at least to select and to ring the changes within the enclosure of the home. He might set one against the other for his different needs, divide his allegiances, learn the policies of character and of the heart, and suck strength from many different contacts. But where only two or three are gathered together there is no escape.

This is not to say that two or three may not be a success. But I doubt if it is successful so often as people like to make out. It is no uncommon experience to hear of two youthful incompatibles wishing each other dead. "I do wish Peter was dead!" sighed a girl of ten in my hearing one day. She referred to her only brother, not much younger than herself, who had all his life been thrust upon her as her whole-time companion.

"I don't think you quite mean that", I remonstrated mildly, as the best thing to say.

"Well", she considered it carefully, "perhaps not actually dead; but sent away to a boarding-school and not allowed to come home in the holidays".

Such incompatibility, it may be argued, is merely a temporary condition. The boy will go to school, he will come home for the holidays, and the strong natural tie will assert itself, so that those

very quarrels of early days will form a lifelong bond and a lasting joke between the brother and sister, or between two brothers or two sisters. On the other hand, there are many cases on record where it has formed a lasting hostility as crippling to character as it is repulsive in itself. Even when this is not the case, it may, during the time it lasts, do far more than " rub off the corners " in the manner so confidently advocated by those who pity the only child. Where it has existed in a marked degree, and has continued intensively for some years, it frequently results in the harmful grinding down of a sensitive nature by one more robust. So victims and bullies are trained. Again, a highly imaginative child may be badly thwarted by the enforced companionship of one who is essentially practical, especially if the practical one has the advantages of several years seniority and a dominating temper. Or it may be that an elder child is driven from his paradise of single blessedness into a long but fruitless purgatory, not by crude jealousy of the new arrival, but by the advent of an unescapable playmate whose chief joy is the destruction of every treasure, the spoiling of every pursuit ! How many lovely dreams and fancies are daily dashed to earth and trodden under, not to rise again, under the merciless heel of a brother or a sister ! At times, no doubt, and in moderation, such shocks are salutary. But the nursery can be an immoderate place, especially when scantily populated, and among its inhabitants there can exist a kind of persecution that makes neither for strength nor unselfishness in later years. Many of the bitter feuds between adult brothers and sisters, the excuses for failure, the blame for futility that occur in maturity, are directly traceable to early miseries of these descriptions. Too often they are neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Then there is the question of a strong discrepancy of gifts between two children who may be very near in age and are, therefore, marked out to all appearance for unceasing companionship. I suppose most of us are acquainted with cases of this sort. In one household known to me a younger boy is so much quicker at lessons and so much more popular a character than his slightly elder brother, that the latter has shown grave signs of discouragement—graver than would have been the case had the comparison not been ever present in so galling a

form. Indeed, his development has been so clearly affected that different schools and different homes have been advised for the two boys. In effect, this family of two has had to be divided as far as possible into two families of one. Otherwise neither child would be fairly served.

This brings us to the parents' side of the matter. The faults of the mother of one, ranging as they do from doting folly to disastrous over-anxiety, are notorious in our tradition. In actual practice I have noticed that in her determination to avoid these proverbial pitfalls she frequently becomes a wise mother of a creditable offspring. However this may be, it is once more necessary to point out that her difficulties are not always overcome by the addition of one or even two more children. " Never would I have had another child if I had known how much harder two were to manage than one ! " I have heard this complaint from more than one young mother as she strove to cope with the quarrelling, the bullying or the boredom that was too common between her nursery couple or even between two of a trio. I have also heard it put in this way, " People told me that two were easier than one, but I have not found it true, not with my two".

Leaving the relations between child and child, as these affect both child and parent, there is still to be considered the relations between child and parent. In most modern homes the old crowded segregation of the nursery is unknown, and with this the lonely nursery, which must have been rather a sad apartment, has passed. Father and mother have come into the picture as participators in daily life. No longer are they merely powerful spectators, charming visitors, ultimate judges. New ways of life, and above all the new struggle for life, have made of the smallest family such a hazardous adventure that many barriers have fallen and a new intimacy has been made possible between parents and children.

I am not one of those who hold that parents can be ideal or even very good playmates for their children. For regular play, true and daily, the players must be of the same generation and preferably of the same age. But there may profitably be, I am convinced, a far greater natural converse and exchange between parents and children than we of the English middle-classes have usually realized. In the working-class household, as in all but

the very richest of continental homes, the children have long been included in the family councils to such a degree that they mature more quickly and surely, nourish less fond illusions about their fathers and mothers (as about practical life) and learn how to treat older people—a highly important branch of knowledge. In our middle-class families we still lag behind, but we are changing under pressure from many sides. And during the process of change the only child often acts as a forerunner of what is to come. He is, *par excellence*, the wise child who knows his own father, and he is able to profit by what knowledge his parents have, besides having economic chances of education, travel and the rest, which could not be afforded if he had brothers and sisters.

All this, of course, would be a doubtful blessing if the child was not enabled to spend the greater part of his time with companions of his own age. But this has become easier than it ever was before, and where no convenient group exists it is usually a simple matter to form one. The only essential is that the children should be nearly of the same age. The more mixed their temperaments and their circumstances the better for all. The best authorities, after much experiment with play, are more and more in favour of a group companionship that is based only upon age, so that pursuits, however varied, shall not be in stages sundered by time. By thus playing with his peers the only child goes one better than if he had, shall we say, a baby brother and a sister who is three years older than himself. His interests too can be greatly widened and his sympathies permanently increased by consorting with children whose ways of life are entirely different from his own. The large family often made for insulation. In one group of girls and boys which included my son when he was a small boy, there were two Russians (with parents of opposing political views), two children with a father in the Navy, two with professional parents, and one the daughter of our charwoman. These played constantly together and in couples, as circumstances guided them, with the happiest and most interesting results. Once serious school has started, of course, the greater part of any child's day is spent in the company of his schoolmates, so that the problem of play is chiefly one for early years. After that it arises only during holidays

and—if a day-school has been chosen—at week-ends, and these are not difficult to arrange for.

Perhaps what the only child misses most completely and irremediably is not felt until it is grown up. And this it is which has called forth much adult commiseration without the proper apprehension of either its cause or its effect. It is frequently both convenient and pleasant to have well-doing brothers and sisters who are men and women in the world. They can be counted upon to stand from us what nobody else would stand, and to do what nobody else could be asked to do. They can be relied upon to hand out home-truths, or vice versa, at which our oldest and dearest friends would blench. Take them all round, we should miss them if they were not there—if only for the chance of reminding them what beasts they were to us in the nursery!

THE SPONGER

By L. A. G. Strong

NO—said the elderly man in the corner—I don't agree that sponging is a fine art. To call it an art would imply that spongers in some degree studied their victims; whereas your out-and-out sponger never gives a thought to anyone but himself. I should rather call sponging a state of mind; a kink in the mental make-up.

The really successful spongers I have known have belonged to one of two types. No—on second thoughts, they have only belonged to one. The first type, though they're often the most successful, are not true spongers at all. They are just weaklings. If they've got a job and can keep it, they don't sponge: and that's the real test, because the true-blue sponger sponges on all occasions, whether he needs to or not. The weaklings only turn into spongers when life proves too much for them, and they can't compete any longer. They are consistently successful in sponging, because they manage always to touch their victim's conscience. With their mournful faces and their wide, pathetic eyes, and their transparent pretence of keeping a stiff upper lip and bearing their misfortunes, they irritate the person to whom they attach themselves until he feels ashamed of himself, and gives them something for his peace of mind. It's no good turning on them, or cursing them. They've no resistance. They just look at you with big eyes and trembling lips until you feel a beast, and give them something more. It's practically impossible to get rid of them, once they've got a hold on you.

All the same, successful as they are, they are not the true spongers. The real born sponger never cringes. He is arrogant. He feels in his bones that it is the duty of society to support him: that he is entitled to take what he wants whenever and wherever he wants it. He doesn't even bother to play his cards

properly. When one benefactor fails, he shrugs his shoulders and looks round for the next. He is a terrible type : one of the twisters : utterly unmoral : cold : inhuman. Have you ever caught one of those people out ? Caught them in lies, or twists, or some inconceivably petty meanness, some absolute black ingratitude, from which there's no escape ? Pinned them in ? It's a horrible experience. I known nothing more utterly disconcerting to one's sense of human values than the blank look of animal hostility that comes into their eyes, the indifference, the look that makes you realise you're not dealing with a human being at all. That's why they always win. The exposure is infinitely more painful to you than it is to them. It hurts you to convict a fellow-creature of such baseness. They, on the other hand, are invulnerable. Their protection, their weapon, is their complete insensitiveness. All that they care is that one source of income has come to an end and they must look for another. Yes. That's what your real sponger is like. Cold, fundamentally hostile. Reptilian.

I'm thinking, I own, of one particular specimen ; yet he was typical. We'll call him Dewpond. It wasn't his real name, but it'll do. I don't know what his parentage was. He arrived among the art world in Chelsea as an exceedingly good-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen, and proceeded to make a living there, loafing and cadging around the studios. He was well spoken, superficially charming, and he didn't find it hard to get along. If he'd only had the sense to play his cards well, he could have been in clover. But he had in him from the very start the fatal arrogance of which I was speaking just now. He took, but he wouldn't give. He simply didn't know what it was to step an inch out of his way, to consider for an instant anyone's comfort but his own. So benefactor after benefactor kicked him out, and he went, sullen and haughty, to the next victim. People gave him work as a model, but he wouldn't keep his appointments. He had a definite artistic talent. One of the greatest painters of the day took him up, was willing to adopt him and train him. All that was asked in return was that he should work in the studio. He wouldn't work. The painter, who had the patience of a saint, bore with him for some three months ; then he too kicked him out. It was the same everywhere.

After a couple of years of this sort of thing, he disappeared, and I lost track of him for years. The next time I ran across him he was a man of thirty-five, and looked a good deal older. What had been happening to him in the meantime I have no idea, except that he'd been twice round the world. Now, however, he was in town again, firmly installed, and it looked as if he would be there for keeps. He was living on a wealthy and simple-minded man whose life he was supposed to have saved, and who was gratefully maintaining him in luxury at his own home.

It was some time before I found out, by a sheer accident, what had happened. The pair had met in Scotland. Dewpond was there, with his host of the moment, a Glasgow manufacturer who had bought a fine estate in Perthshire and was anxious to acquire some ancestors. Dewpond had somehow persuaded him that he was an expert in tracing genealogies, and the manufacturer had invited him to stay with him and write a little book about the origins and greatness of his family. As always, Dewpond was taking the remuneration and not doing the work. He had been there over a month when the incident occurred that I'm going to tell you about. He was looking round for a new victim, for his host, continually put off about the projected book, was becoming a trifle restive.

Well, one fine afternoon, Dewpond, having partaken of an excellent picnic lunch, was leaning against a tree close to a river and contemplating the beauties of nature. His host was some half-mile down the stream, fly-fishing. A little way above the place where Dewpond was sitting, the road came down steeply towards the river, took a sharp turn, and ran along parallel to the bank.

Suddenly, as he sat there ruminating, Dewpond heard a scream, followed by a screeching of brakes. Turning, he saw at this very corner of the road three or four small children, with a car rushing down the slope. The children, panic-stricken, clutched one another and stood plumb in the middle of the road. Swerving to avoid them, the car ran off the road, attempted too late to turn, and toppled over on its side into the river. The driver, who was alone, was thrown clear and lay among the stones in the shallow water by the river's edge.

Dewpond was not as a rule a rapid mover, but he was on the spot in less time than it takes to tell. The victim of the accident was lying half in and half out of the water. Dewpond bent over him. He was stunned, but otherwise uninjured.

Dewpond's mind moved quickly. He straightened up and looked around. The children, terrified, had fled, and were out of sight. (One of them, however, was watching, and that's how I know what I'm telling you now.) Satisfied that he was unobserved, Dewpond caught the unconscious man under the armpits and dragged him, not out of the water, but further into it. The river was shallow at the edges, but in the middle there was a deep channel where the current ran strongly. Dewpond didn't go quite as far as this. He waded backwards till he was waist-deep, holding the man up as high as he could, in case the cold water should revive him too soon. Then he ducked completely under, pulling the man with him.

As he had hoped, the shock of the immersion brought the victim round. He recovered consciousness to find himself being dragged clear of deep water by the gasping and dripping Dewpond. Well—I don't need to tell you any more. After that it was easy enough for our friend to persuade Dobbie—that was the man's name—that he had saved his life at the risk of his own.

Dobbie was a simple soul—straight and loyal. Mind you, he had his share of shrewdness, and I don't expect it took him very long to find out the type of man that had saved his life. Still, he *had* saved his life, so Dobbie believed ; and to a man of Dobbie's type that was everything.

Dewpond went straight back, took the first occasion to pick a quarrel with the seeker after ancestors, packed his bag, left him, and returned to town with his latest victim. There he lived on him for seven years, and, if it hadn't been for one piece of egregious folly, he'd be there still.

The fact that he had a safe home and headquarters did not of course stop Dewpond from sponging on other people as well. He was the perfect sponger. Sponging was to him a condition of existence. Dobbie was an extraordinarily generous man, and his protégé lived on the fat of the land. Even so, he could never resist the chance of scooping up something whenever it offered.

He'd developed a fine singing voice in the meantime, though of course he was much too lazy to train it or do anything about it. All the same, he could have had plenty of professional engagements if only he had had the sense or decency to keep them. He accepted a few here and there in a lordly way, to sing at At Homes and dinners, but, if anything turned up that pleased him better, he would coolly cut his engagements. As a result, they were few and far between.

Dobbie was glad of this, though you'd think he mightn't be. He knew now perfectly well the sort of chap he was saddled with, and his main anxiety was to protect other people from him. Every time Dewpond had an engagement to sing, he made new friends, or rather, new victims. He had a very charming manner, he sang beautifully, he bore himself with a kind of distinction that attracted people. Women as a rule kept clear of him. Self-sufficiency they don't mind, and self-confidence ; they don't object to a man being a cad ; but there's a sort of fish-like coldness that they can sense at once, and that warns them to keep off the grass. Dewpond had this. So, as a rule, they shied off him—and that was a mercy, for one can imagine the suffering he would have caused had he been in a position to do so.

One woman, however, took a fancy to him. She was a wealthy girl who heard him sing and fell in love with his voice. She came from the Colonies—Australia, I believe it was. She had no mother, and her father was a rich manufacturer of some sort. She'd come to the old country by herself on a long visit, and was living in town. A girl of twenty-eight or thirty. Independent, and able to look after herself. You know the sort, I dare say.

As I said, she fell in love with his singing. She didn't fall in love with the man himself : she had her instinct to warn her off ; but she was impressed by him. She asked him out to lunch. He made himself charming, as usual, and told, humorously and without any sort of complaint, a hard-luck story, entirely untrue, making out that he was a kind of poor relation of Dobbie's whom Dobbie kept and exploited.

The girl took it all in. She was highly indignant.

" But why do you stay with him, if he treats you so meanly ? " she asked.

Dewpond smiled.

" Needs must ", he said.

She began asking him more questions then, and I don't know hat yarns he didn't spin her. Anyway, by the end of the eal he had her in the palm of his hand. She didn't know the pe ; hadn't met one before.

It was a very cold day, and when they were leaving the girl oticed that he hadn't got an overcoat. As a matter of fact, he idn't feel the cold. He didn't seem to feel any sort of dis-mfort. She asked him why he had no coat. He smiled, and rugged his shoulders.

Indignant and compassionate, she offered to get him one. e demurred charmingly.

" Go to such-and-such a place ", she said, giving him the me of a tailor, " and have it put down to me ".

He looked at her calculatingly.

" As a matter of fact ", he said, with the impudence which thing could ever touch, " if you really want to do me this eat kindness, you'll give me the money and let me get one r myself. Don't ask me why ", he went on with his best ile, as she looked astonished. " There are some things don't care to tell, even to you."

Feeling sorrier for him than ever, the girl gave him the money. month later she got a bill from the tailor's for the coat.

That was the sort of thing he was always doing. In anyone se you'd call it madness. But in his case it didn't matter, cause he could always find a new victim. He had no feelings d no shame.

After he'd been about five years with Dobbie, he did some-ing particularly outrageous—I've forgotten what it was—d Dobbie, moved at last to wrath, forbade him ever to enter e house again. A couple of nights after that, Dobbie was ving a dinner party. Suddenly, in an interval between the urses, one of the guests stopped and held up his hand.

" Listen ", he said.

In the silence that followed they heard a beautiful voice singing neath the windows in the street outside.

The man who had spoken stared round at the company.

" Surely ", he said, " that's Dewpond's voice ? "

It was. To humiliate Dobbie, our friend had dressed in old clothes and was singing in the street under his window.

That was too much for poor, soft-hearted Dobbie. He took him back again. And there, as I've told you, Dewpond might have stayed for ever, if he'd had just sufficient sense to know when and where to stop.

Dobbie, as I have said, was one of the most open-handed and generous of men. Like all such men, he had one peculiarity, one little meanness, if you like to call it so. He always smoked a special kind of cigarette, which he had made for himself, and he didn't much like giving these to anyone else. He had plenty of other cigarettes in the house for his guests, but his own special brand he hoarded up and kept for his own use.

One Friday evening he was called up North on urgent business. He'd practically run out of his cigarettes, and had ordered a new supply. He liked them fresh, and his tobacconist made them up for him fifty and a hundred at a time. The new lot didn't come in until he'd gone. They came in on the Saturday morning. Dobbie didn't get back till the following Wednesday. He'd been without his cigarettes for a couple of days, for the few he'd taken away in his case had barely lasted him over the week-end. All the way home in the train he had been promising himself a smoke, and the first thing he did when he got back was to go to the box where his cigarettes were kept. He found it empty. Characteristically, with cigarettes of every other kind to choose from, Dewpond had smoked the lot.

That did it. In the biggest rage he'd ever been in in his life, Dobbie put him out, neck and crop, there and then. There was no coming back this time, either. It was the finish.

" If he'd only left me one", Dobbie said to me afterwards, " I'd have forgiven him. Just one. But no. He cleaned up the lot."

And that's why I don't agree with you that sponging is an art. If it was an art, then Dewpond would have had the sense to leave one cigarette. He'd have known where to stop. But he didn't know where to stop—and he, of all the specimens that I've known, was the fine flower, the compleat sponger. But he was no artist ; and that's why I think that I'm right, and you're wrong.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

AUGUST 2nd, 1934. Twenty years to a day since, on one of the finest Sundays that ever came out of God's sky, the tocsin rang through France and even the priest who aid Mass must make ready to put on war equipment. Now, at the very heart of Prussia old Hindenburg sinks into sleep, surely welcome after a life storm-beaten to its latest hours; like a rock he as stood, but no more able than a rock to control the tides hat raged about him. Still, the rock was there, a symbol, if othing more, of steadfastness; when it has gone, what next? What is the future of Prussianism when, instead of Hindenburg, it as Hitler—in lieu of the soldier, the demagogue?

Two Ways in Europe

Out on the cape beyond where I write, almost the very limit f European land, *finis terræ*, a flag on the lighthouse flies at alf-mast. A great Frenchman still lies unburied. Who will ay that Lyautey's work will not stand? His final gesture was eliberately and superbly conceived to continue it, when he rote his own epitaph. "Here lies Louis Hubert Gonsalve yautey, who was born, lived and died in the Catholic religion nd all his life through loved the Mahommedans." No political estament could be clearer in its laconic eloquence. West and ast, divided by race and by religion, can work with each other nd for each other, if each, maintaining its own distinctive and ssential culture, can go out to the other in comradeship. This the antithesis of Prussianism.

These two men, Hindenburg and Lyautey, have been better nderstood, because better liked, in England than any other erman or Frenchman of their period; and they stand for the wo ways in Europe. When the world war came, it was a choice

of sides: were you with France or with Germany? On that Sunday, twenty years ago, when the decision was already taken in both these leading countries, I, for instance, did not know that war would come, still less that it would be world war; and there were countless thousands in these islands equally ignorant. But when the choice had to be made, I, for instance, knew in every fibre of me that I was for France as against Germany. That was perhaps not common; but all the countless thousands knew instinctively on which side was freedom and civilization. In the years since the war, ingenious writers have been at pains to prove that there was no clear issue seen or felt; that on each side, armament makers, stock-jobbers and the Lord knows who, and how, were the real controllers of national movements. This is a foppery of the intelligentsia. Great Britain went where it had to go because it was Great Britain, and its masses knew massively where they were going. The unfortunate thing is that they did not know, and still do not, how deeply they were committed, not by any diplomatic engagements, but by common principles, to the side of France. Germany and France—all Europe had to be with one or with the other; and for Great Britain a Europe dominated by the Germany which Bismarck made could never have been endurable. It would have given an excellent administration carried out with scrupulous honesty—but at the price of intellectual degeneracy.

Hitlerism Revealed

We saw something of the German soul in early war days when its professors gave tongue; but now its very inwardness has been turned out before us. What kind of a people is it that makes a god of Adolf Hitler? that accepts him as ultimate judge and commander, both of body and soul? that makes it treason against Germany even to discuss freely any action or utterance proceeding from his inspired person? There is much to find fault with in France; yet the worst difficulties there come from an excessive assertion of the individual right to judgment. War means always the sacrifice of that right—though even in the throes of war, France made it very imperfectly. It costs Germany nothing to abdicate this freedom; the German ideal is to live perpetually on a war footing. And as a result we have for Germany's essential grievance

nat since 1918 she is by the will of the victors denied full licence
o prepare for a new war. Her own methods, the brutal sup-
ression of all minorities—or rather of all opinion dissident from
ose who hold the military power, whether it be the opinion
f a minority or majority among her people—and the total
roscription of a race distinguished by intellectual activity:
ese methods she was free to carry out within her own boun-
aries, subject only to the disgusted comments of a Europe
at did not share her mentality. But that was not enough.
he claimed as her own, by spiritual right, all kindred peoples,
nd because direct conquest was not possible in the face of
urope, she organized conspiracy among the partisans of her
eas; she provided weapons, which were to put Austria's
achine guns into the hands of a gang. Proof accumulated
its this beyond dispute; and we have one result in the savage
urder of a gallant and most able little statesman. Not only
e ignominous failure of the revolt, but public demonstrations
f mourning for him in the city where, so few months ago,
e was driven to use artillery against a great body of citizens,
ove how far Hitler's German ideal was from commending
elf at large to this very different Germany. If there is trouble
Europe today, if armaments have to be increased even by
e least willing, we know where the seat of trouble lies. There
also the question of faith between governments. It seems
rtain from Italy's unbridled anger that Hitler had promised
e Duce—to whom he owed more, for example, for sympathy,
d for countenance than to any other European potentate—
at Austria should have freedom and peace to work out her
vn destiny.

Our Frontier the Rhine

How far all this series of events has affected the mind of
ngland it is not easy to say; but there is no doubt about one
most typical representative of this country. I
cannot conceive of anything more English than
Mr. Baldwin; and it is Mr. Baldwin who comes
rward to tell his country that her area of necessary defences
ust now be considered as extending to the Rhine. That is
e argument from fear: Dover may be shelled, London may

be bombed, from Flanders. Mr. Baldwin is not the man to invoke such arguments lightly. But there is another and much nobler side to these considerations. Peace on the Continent is a supreme interest for England, and England has accepted certain obligations towards maintaining it. She is pressed to accept more. The Labour Party, which may, at least conceivably, be in power two years hence, has taken its stand, to Mr. Baldwin's delight, for collective maintenance of security. But, says Mr. Baldwin, " I have heard it said in the whispering gallery of Europe that our defences today are so small as to offer but little contribution to collective security. I am very nervous of accepting obligations if I have not in my hands the means to carry these obligations out ". That is why Great Britain owes it, not only to herself but to Europe, that in times so anxious she should stand on guard armed. Mr. Baldwin supported himself by a quotation from what he called " Mr. Oliver's great work " on that great peace minister, Sir Robert Walpole. The citation began : " Isolation is the bubble of a distempered imagination." It ended : " To be a good European is no mean patriotism."

What, then, should be the attitude of a good European ? Is it possible for any European country simply to wait on events and say : It will be time to choose a side when the need for action arises ? Mr. Baldwin has already indicated that preparation is necessary and is being made, not merely for the defence of England, but for the defence of her obligations in Europe. Yet, up to the present, Great Britain as a whole turns aside from the proposal either to extend her commitments or define more strictly those which exist ; and the Locarno obligation is so framed as to be easily escaped from, if Great Britain has the desire to escape. There is, further, a great disinclination in England to appear to take sides : to range herself with France as against Germany. It was counted, in France and in England, a concession when the Foreign Secretary announced in Parliament that England would raise no objection to the idea of an Eastern pact, promoted by M. Barthou, which should carry a pledge of mutual assistance between the Baltic States, Soviet Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Germany ; with a further guarantee to be exchanged that if there were aggression by

ussia on Germany, by Germany on Russia, by Germany on rance, or by France on Germany, France, Russia, and Germany ould be bound as they are by the conditions of Locarno. The nly condition made by Great Britain was that in this case ussia must enter the League of Nations. But Sir John Simon as emphatic in adding that by giving this consent England ndertook no new obligations. Surely a concession could hardly ave gone less far.

Much has happened since which pushes this proposal into e background; yet it cannot be dismissed from view, and it may well be resumed for a simple reason. Germany has effectively completed her own encirclement. She had in Italy a power less nfriendly to her new developments than was to be found elsenere in Europe. Italian divisions have now appeared on the renner prepared to resist that raid upon Austria by an Austrian egion organized on German soil which, as all the world knows, as definitely planned with German complicity and support. e know now what was in Herr Hitler's mind when he made at remarkable pact with Poland which guaranteed—so far as German pact can guarantee—undisturbed possession of the orridor to Poland for ten years. Manifestly the Führer promised his storm-troops satisfaction somewhere; some realization the Pan-Germanic ideal. It must have been promised them Austria. Now that promise has to be cancelled, and Poland ll inevitably feel that the value to Germany of security on r eastern front has ceased to be what it was, when Germany's mediate aim was for a southern expansion. There remains e Saar, which two years ago was certainly prepared to vote elf back into Germany. That is by no means so certain now, d those who are concerned to ensure that the people of the ar shall have a free choice to remain as they are must look th apprehension on the chances of some such attempt there failed in Austria. In that case, it is to be expected that ance, and probably Belgium, will have to take some such easure as was taken by Italy. But on the Saar boundary there e no Alps; the danger of a collision must be increased. Only e thing is certain. If British troops as well as French and

Führer and Duce

Belgian took part in such a movement, the chances would be enormously increased that it would remain, like the Italian, merely a demonstration. If it were *known* that in the event of such necessity, British troops as well as French and Belgian, would actively be there, the need for a demonstration would be enormously less likely to arise. Lyautey had a maxim of policy: "Show strength in order to avoid using it." A public pledge from Great Britain to maintain the existing boundaries of Europe unless they are altered by international agreement or statute would consolidate the peace of Europe. What is more, it would relieve France of that burden of hegemony which England's desire for isolation has forced upon her; and that relief would be welcomed by every man, woman, and child in France. Such a declaration would do more to ensure Europe than the addition of five times fifty aeroplanes to Britain's air fleet.

Lyautey's the Better Way

It is in reality not a choice between the side of France and the side of Germany: it is a choice between civilization and barbarism. There is one State only in Europe which maintains the cult of the War God, a god whose weapons are no longer sword and torch, but poison gas and high explosive. Civilization does not mean the abolition of the soldier. It does mean that the soldier of civilization must conform to the type of Lyautey, not of Hindenburg. Hindenburg conquered, greatly and honourably, but we have yet to learn that he made conquest acceptable anywhere to those whom he subdued. Lyautey conquered almost without troops, acting on the principle that if he could establish a *chantier*, a centre of civilized industry and employment, it was worth more to him than a battalion. His was a Roman conquest, and at his funeral great Moorish nobles came to pay tribute to the soldier who in subduing their country made it better for them to live in, and gave them a new pride. This was done among a people to whom Christian and Frank were traditionally names of execration. Germany in 1870 conquered two German-speaking provinces, and for about half a century gave them an administration conducted in the Hindenburg spirit, with high honesty and efficiency; yet at the end of these fifty years the German-speaking provinces exulted to be French

again. That fact is really the ultimate condemnation of Sparta in Europe.

The French Ferment

Things are too serious now for any nation of good Europeans to allow them to drift. That is realized in France, as was shown since I last wrote by a notable incident, arising out of the accursed Stavisky affair. One of M. Doumergue's chief colleagues, M. Tardieu, had been accused, on the flimsy evidence of a half legible and wholly suspect document, of having accepted bribes. The accusation had been reiterated by his political opponents with that licence of vituperation which is an evil feature of French life. On a day in June, the old head of the government, having successfully weathered attacks on his administration, made appeal to the nation in an admirable broadcast statement which notably gave a pledge to the world that France would cross no boundary of her own initiative. Then he went south to his country home for a much-needed repose; and while he was in the train, M. Tardieu appeared before the Stavisky Commission and in a long statement tore the charges against him to pieces—but then went on to formulate other charges against M. Chautemps, who, though not a member of the united administration, is a leader of the Radical-Socialist Party. No warning had been given to M. Doumergue, yet it seemed clear that the truce between parties was broken, and M. Herriot, head of the Chautemps section, took up the challenge—yet with self-control. It was decided that before either section committed itself, the Prime Minister should decide. There was a week's delay in which the old man received emissaries; then he came to Paris and met his Ministers in Council. M. Herriot prepared to state the case of his side; but he was refused permission. "I am come here to announce my award", M. Doumergue said. "I have already received M. Tardieu's resignation. I do not accept it. It is necessary in the public interest that the Ministry should continue as it is. If this award is not accepted, I hand the resignation of the whole Government to the President and ask him to find some man to form a new one; and I shall not be that man." Then, since there was delay, he sat down in their presence to draft the letter of resigna-

tion. There was confusion, and consultation ; and then again the old chief urged the needs of the nation. M. Herriot yielded ; agreed to shake hands with M. Tardieu—whose error the chief had frankly stigmatized, and there was an accolade. France received the news of all this with a great movement of relief ; and I think every good European shared it. Europe has need of France at its best, with all its lucidity and supple intelligence : France, to serve Europe, needs the ungrudging co-operation of Great Britain. This has not always been forthcoming, for reasons that were in large measure petty and temperamental.

The Better Germany

On the other hand, Frenchmen themselves see that France has been to blame. The *Journal*, a ministerial paper, published on August 2nd, a notable article by M. Louis Gillet. Is it good psychology, he asked, that the conquerors should show fear of the conquered, oscillating continually between harshness and weakness ? Germany is in danger from itself, relapsing into a barbarism that recalls the Thirty Years War, with its organized banditry : yet there is in Germany a mass and a force which can receive support from the outside, quite other than bayonets. " The key of the problem is at Rome : first in the clear-sighted and courageous policy of Mussolini ; yet even more perhaps at the Vatican." Briefly he urged that what needs support in Germany is the principle of Christian civilization. The links of that German unity which Hitler aspires to represent were " forged at Versailles " ; so long as it can be made to appear that the wish of Europe is to rivet fetters on Germany, Germany will rally closer and more formidably on itself. There is now a European movement of sympathy for one side of Germany. Dollfuss, the Austrian, was no less German in his soul than the Austrian Hitler. Dollfuss was murdered by men who, so far as their own testimony goes (and it is credible) simply lost their heads, yet he was deliberately left to bleed to death, without doctor and without priest, by men who lacked the human decency to see how their brutishness damned their cause. If that has moved all Europe to disgust against the system that now rules Germany, it is right that Europe should consider how to help

the Germany which Dollfuss stood for, and which is not only an Austrian Germany.

Ration Cards in Germany

I have mixed my own thought, perhaps inexcusably, with M. Gillet's; but what stands out clear in his very eloquent appeal is that France, discarding old jealousies and suspicions, must act closely with Rome—in both senses that the name carries. Moreover, it is clear that he hoped to see England, faced with the flagrant signs of danger, ranging herself more unequivocally at the side of France. What may happen next in Germany is incalculable. Hitler's assumption of the Presidency, which gives him control of the army, has been accepted by the army as well as by the Brown Shirts. The plebiscite (still to come as I write) will doubtless approach to unanimity; Germany's instinct for obedience is marvellous. Yet I cannot but remember a saying of Lord French's in August, 1918, when he gave his opinion that the war would last another year—with one reservation. "The German discipline is incomparable; but it has one defect. It postulates success. If there are more German defeats there may be a strike in the German Army." What happened in 1918 was rather a strike of the German people into which the army became absorbed. But now in face of the facts, with all avenues to pan-German expansion closed, with ration-cards printed and food controllers named in the very midst of harvest, who is to say that there will not come another "strike"? Who is to say that the dictator may not attempt to avert such a strike by creating a new wave of emotion?

British Isolation

There cannot be peace in Europe, still less can there be disarmament, while one great central State choses for its chief object to inculcate the will to war as a means of attaining its ends. After all, what is Germany's outstanding grievance? That she is in theory denied the right to arm *à outrance*? Whether it is possible for Hitler to remain ruler of Germany and to change that direction of the national aim is a question for Germany. But it is desirable that the whole of Europe should combine to say that while this aim is avowed and pursued, Europe as a whole will stand on

guard against the consequences, and if necessary will exact the penalties. German complicity in the attack on Austria by fomenting civil war there was a crime, and a dastardly crime, against the peace of Europe. It carries, indeed, unofficially, its own penalties. But if there had been, as there should be, an international tribunal with power to inflict sanctions, Germany to-day would be before that tribunal. As things stand, the League of Nations can neither punish nor prevent such international offences. But for the prompt action of Italy, the Austrian Legion, organized and established on the German side of Austria's boundary, would certainly have crossed it, and Austria would at best have had to fight a civil war ; at worst would already be robbed of liberty. Italy could count then on France for active support if that were needed ; she could not count on England. It is one of the dangers in Europe that nobody knows what, in a given emergency, England will do. That is what isolation means, and there should be an end to isolation.

"Let Ireland Go"

There is, I think, much to be said on this account against the passive attitude of English statesmanship to-day. Yet in a general review other matters bear a very different complexion. India is scarcely heard of. That is good ; evidently there is a continuous process at work, disintegrating the opposition to those forces, English and Indian, which make for a settlement within the British Commonwealth honourable and advantageous to England and to India. In South Africa, General Hertzog, having taken his line, pursues it valiantly, and declares that the freedom accorded to South Africa within the Commonwealth is complete and meets all reasonable demands of national pride. It would appear that he has been able to carry with him four-fifths of his party in support of this view, and against the opposition of the bitter extremists. In other words, a true union of South Africa, Dutch and English, is in sight. These facts must have an effect in India ; but India thinks rather of Ireland, where the breach is still kept open by Mr. de Valera. I take note of a remarkable letter to *The Times*, written by Mr. MacDermot, to which support was given by Sir Evelyn Wrench, an Anglo-Irishman who has laboured long to promote fellowship within

the Empire. Mr. MacDermot's contention is that the British Government should say frankly to the Free State: "If you choose to secede, you are free to do so"; and that if this were said, those who advocate secession for its own sake would, like Dr. Malan in South Africa, be left in a small minority. I profoundly agree with their views, nor can I understand the British argument that the rights of Dominion States accorded to Ireland are less because accorded by a Treaty. She is entitled under the treaty to the status of Canada; and no one disputes that Canada is free to declare complete independence. What is more, no intelligent observer believes that if the Free State took this step, force would be used to prevent it. There are, at all events, three of us who know Ireland well, from different standpoints, and who hold that the way to produce such a change of feeling as has been accomplished in South Africa is to say: "Go if you like. It is for you to count the cost to your people. But that cost will not be war."

A French Jungle Book

Those who read M. René Maran's *Batouala* found a double interest in the book; first, the power with which it described native life in equatorial Africa, and secondly, the fact that this winner of the Prix Goncourt was a full-blooded negro, born in Martinique, but serving France in regions south of Lake Chad. I commend to them M. Maran's newest work, *Le Livre de la Brousse*, whose title is homage to Mr. Kipling; for *Le Livre de la Jungle* is a household word in France as in England. M. Maran begins with direct imitation. Life in the bush is seen through the eyes of the bush dwellers who are not human; Doppelé the vulture, Moumeu the alligator, Mouron the leopard, and the rest. Yet, this line of approach is soon abandoned; his imagination does not work continuously on Mr. Kipling's lines; throughout the book we follow the fortunes of Kossi, a native boy, born and reared to be a smith like his father, on the banks of a river which flows into the Ubanghi, and so at last to the Great River where are white men. But no white man or white man's law has yet reached Kossi's village and tribe. This is a study of native life, where it remains most primitive; and it is written with most intimate knowledge as well as with

great descriptive power. No one who reads it is likely to forget the hunt by fire, when gradually all the wild life is forced into one quarter of the bush, and then at a signal ringed about with flames, while elephants, rhinoceros, panthers, and the lesser game jostle and trample each other in their fright, till at last the rhinos charge through the blaze and the line of waiting spears, and some, but not all, of the prey gets through after them.

Yet perhaps the leading interest for students is in the implicit arraignment of tribal culture. Kossi, grown into a leader in war, in the chase, and even in tribal wisdom, is the complete and ideal tribesman. Nevertheless an enemy can poison the mind of his people against him, make him an outcast, and in the last resort, kill off his wife with his unborn child. He flies alone ; but he must fly through the country of tribes whom he and his often ravaged. He is captured, marked out for cannibal sacrifice ; but in the night, with practised endurance, he burns through his bonds at the fire, and leaps towards the only quarter where hope offers, marked by the sound of the white men's steam whistle. The implication is no doubt that France is bringing to Africa not servitude, but liberty. However, we do not follow Kossi into that new experience : Moumeu the alligator settles an old score before the fugitive can reach his goal.

THE TERRIBLE MEEK

by S. K. Ratcliffe.

HE TRAGEDY OF GANDHI, by Glorney Bolton. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

HE most remarkable man of modern ndia has explained himself at full ngth, and his autobiographies have een condensed for the English public. ut the joint labours of the Mahatma nd Mr. C. F. Andrews do not make an bjective Life unnecessary—far from it. nd in my opinion there is good reason r the writing of such a life by a young nglishman who has observed Gandhi India during a critical stage of civil sobedience and followed him through e second Round Table Conference in ondon. Mr. Bolton was for three years the staff of an important Bombay ewspaper. He esteems Gandhi as the ggest personality he has yet encoun- red. The central Gandhist idea, that orals and politics are one, is for him ght. Towards the rest of the Mahatma's eed he holds, as I judge, the normal ttitude of a young Briton. On the hole, then, he may claim a fair qualifica- on for writing this book. He brings e story down to the three-weeks fast.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was rn at Porbandar, in the peninsula Kathiawar, 65 years ago. He belongs the *bania* (mercantile) caste. His ther and grandfather occupied in turn e post of chief officer in the little rbandar State; rather absurdly, they e called prime ministers by Gandhi's biographers, including Mr. Bolton. In 1887 M. K. Gandhi came to England—as innocent and frightened a Hindu youth as ever crossed the sea, although already married and a father. After three years of pathetic adventures in London, made known to the world through the Autobiography, he was called to the Bar and returned to India—his family, naturally enough, hoping great things from the first member of their community to make the great adventure. They suffered a grievous disappointment. The young Gandhi could do nothing in court; but in 1893, at the age of twenty-four, a new road was opened for him in South Africa. He went to Durban in connection with a law suit; met the full force of Indian civil disability in Natal, and fought the Whites of Natal and the Transvaal Government to a standstill by his crusade of non-violent resistance, lasting twenty years. In India during the War he worked with the Government, and despite his Tolstoyan beliefs, consented to make recruiting speeches. Then the Amritsar affair and the Simla policy of 1919 made him, in theory, an implacable enemy of the Imperial Government. He worked out, by devious ways and through countless hesitations, the technique of civil disobedience. His influence destroyed the political character of the Indian National Congress, and the past fifteen years have been filled with

the record and results of a movement which, alike in character and leadership, stands entirely by itself in the annals of political and social agitation.

We may speculate as to what might have occurred if Gandhi had appeared while Curzon or any average Tory peer was head of the Government of India. As it happened, Britain was fortunate in that the beginnings of civil disobedience befell in Lord Reading's time, while the height of Gandhi's popular influence was reached after Lord Irwin had been long enough in India for his unusual personality to impress itself upon both the Administration and the educated Indian community.

Lord Irwin adopted the policy of the Round Table. He succeeded, by masterly tactics, in getting the Mahatma to London for the second assembly and thus, according to Mr. Bolton, completed the tragedy of Gandhi. When C. R. Das had attained the ascendancy of Congress by virtue of a method opposed to Gandhism, the Mahatma confessed that his own political leadership had been disastrous. That was plain enough; and most observers, I think, are persuaded that but for the blundering of Lord Birkenhead in the matter of the Simon Commission seven years ago, Gandhi's energies would all have been given for the rest of his life to the cause which, as we know, commands his utmost devotion—the redemption of the Untouchables.

Mr. Bolton writes brightly, and I for one make no complaint of his light manner: it seems to me a refreshing foil to the overdone solemnity of so many English and American writers on this theme. In spite of certain inaccuracies, this book is the most serviceable short account of Gandhi for the English reader. The summary of the Round Table and its sequel, however, needs drastic revision; dates and other important details are lacking. And Mr. Bolton has made a curious and serious mistake by almost ignoring Gandhi's social philosophy. Gandhi is an extraordinary human being; and with his socio-ethical philosophy we of the West have nothing to do. It is plain nihilism. But I do not think that his public career should be called a tragedy. This man's influence has deflected a great imperial power, and has split the structure of an immemorial social system. He is a portent, the modern world's most startling embodiment of the terrible meek.

CRACK OF WHIPS, Tales by H. A. Manhood. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

If you read many books in the year you may feel a need just now and again for something sharp to the tongue, as it were, or a breath of March wind and keen blue skies whose clouds are hard-edged. If so, then read Mr. Manhood's stories, surely the most astringent collection of tales to be found in a single volume. From the start there is something to bite upon, something that will bite as well. Mr. Manhood is no believer in half-measures, and his title story, if you are squeamish, may well succeed in turning you back from certain enjoyment further on. Yet small blame to you if you revolt. For there are blemishes (good big ones) in this generally brilliant collection of tales—a hard and callous brutality as in "Crack of Whips" itself, a sadistic insistence on cruelty as in "The Three Nails", even rank cheapness of surprise and bad taste as in the unworthy "Love at Ease".

Why does a writer of Mr. Manhood's calibre consent to publish such stories as these? Still, if you pass by these three, probably you will enjoy the rest. Mr. Manhood is a stimulating tale-teller, with a gusto that gets into his style and sets language dancing to a vigorous rhythm. And at his best he is as rich in his humanity as in his gift of startlingly brilliant metaphor.

A FRENCH HISTORY OF ENGLAND

by G. R. Stirling Taylor.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. Epilogue: Vol. II, 1905-1915, by Elie Halévy. *Benn.* 25*s.*

This is the last volume to appear of Monsieur Halévy's history of the English people since the battle of Waterloo. His work has been accepted as one of the most important contributions to the records of our nation. M. Halévy is not the first Frenchman to explain how others see us; he is only following in the illustrious footsteps of such as Guizot and Taine. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the picture he has drawn in the five volumes which have appeared. The first three brought down the story to the year 1841, and it is entirely very suggestive of the author's conception of the fundamental purpose of history that he should have stopped the chronological order at that date and hurried forward to express immediately his record of the recent very critical period covered by his epilogue, which treats of the years since 1895. For M. Halévy is obviously interested in much more than the telling of the historical facts. History is to him a means of discovering a social philosophy; from the past events of history he is eager to draw lessons that will be some guide for our actions in the present and future. He is a man, one imagines, who has been drawn to the history of the past because he is so exceedingly interested in today and tomorrow.

The peculiar value of M. Halévy's work is that he has made the historian and the philosopher an intimately organic whole. He is not a rash generalizer who draws brilliant visions out of his head as his fancy lures him. His philosophy is based on the facts which his most careful research has discovered. All his volumes are distinguished for his elaborate notes, giving chapter and verse for every statement he makes. He is a scientific historian of the strictest school of original researchers. His works are a mine of precise information and accurate description. Any reader who has personal knowledge of many of the events and persons of whom this historian writes in this last volume will realize the intimate knowledge of details the story reveals. Take, for example, the paragraphs on the Guild Socialist movement, which M. Halévy traces to Mr. Arthur J. Penty's book, *The Restoration of the Guild System*; and he then describes, very accurately, the essential root of that new phase of economic philosophy. This historian appears to have the rare intelligence to realize that this new theory of economic structure (which at its birth got into the hands of politicians who did not understand its true meaning) has now become of vital importance since the problem of unrestricted machinery has dawned on a world of workless men.

On page after page one finds M. Halévy digging down to deeper roots when more conventional historians have been content to turn over only the top layers. Thus, at the start of the historical story of the national armament developments, we find a list of the vast trading com-

panies and combines that supplied the weapons of war with which the armies and navies were to fight the battles that the diplomats demanded should be fought in fulfilment of their intrigues. M. Halévy, since he is writing the history of England, gives the names and capital investments and profits of the British firms. One may express the hope that some English historians will have the energy and ability to write the history of the French traders on this matter.

It would need another volume to discuss all the questions which are raised in this most intensely interesting book. But it may be suggested that its leading theme is the revelation of the amazing muddle, both political and economic, which came to its climax in the Great War of 1914. The story starts in 1905, with a Liberal Cabinet taking office on a policy of anti-imperialism and anti-militarism; and, within a few days of its entry, its members at the Foreign Office and War Office were forming secret arrangements with their French opposites to draw up plans which must almost inevitably lead to a militant action on the Continent. They did not even consult their own colleagues before taking this action.

It is a matter of exceeding interest to any intelligent citizen to know that a Liberal Government, in sheer defiance of all its creed, acts almost exactly as the opposition party it has just turned out of office. It will be difficult for any impartial reader to avoid the conclusion that Sir Edward Grey (as he then was) was a disastrous Foreign Minister at such a critical time. It was certainly not corruption or insincerity which made him fail. One can only say that M. Halévy's narrative confirms the conviction that he was just a very unfortunate example of the conventional English Public School boys who have ruled Britain with so much honesty and incapacity for so long. Winchester appears to have taught Grey that fishing was more important than diplomacy.

THE OLD SCHOOL. Essays by Divers Hands edited by Graham Greene. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE principal fault of the public schools, if it were but known, is that, like the Church of England, they are in their way a great institution, and therefore a target to be shot at by a generation which calls everything in question. Certainly one is not convinced by this book that the system is as iniquitous as its enemies would have us believe. The things which to the writers cause most bitterness in recollection are not necessarily faults in the system. And how far, one must ask, are these essays a true reflection of their authors' feelings towards the Old School? The bitterness of one or two carries conviction as to their sincerity, but these are in a minority. Others even seem perversely to have found much enjoyment in the process of being thwarted, stunted, warped, perverted and generally ruined for life.

What, then, is one to believe? *The Old School* offers no certain guide, does not even bring to light any overwhelming body of evidence in condemnation or in favour of this or that feature of the system. What we knew to be bad we shall continue to condemn as heartily as before; and if the system has any virtues (they are there all right, though probably none knows just wherein they reside), we can only pray that they may survive. In the last resort it is easy enough for those once repressed, now vocal folk, our writers, to condemn outright the product of the Public Schools. It is as easy, strangely enough, to arraign the whole of humanity, and not least among this errant mass those who, while claiming to know better than their fellows, make themselves heard by braying the loudest.

JOHN LINNELL.

TRAVELS IN THE ORIENT

by H. J. Massingham

THE VALLEY OF THE ASSASSINS, by Freya Stark. *John Murray*. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA, by Lady Evelyn Cobbold. *John Murray*. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

READERS should be grateful to "an imaginative aunt" of the author who sent her a copy of the *Arabian Nights* on her ninth birthday. This was the event that laid the corner-stone of the house that Jack built, and though many travel-books, perhaps the majority of them, are as jerrybuilt as the new houses along our arterial roads, Miss Stark's spirited account of her expeditions into the wilds of Persia is not one of them. It is good value both in the quality of the adventure, the style and idiom which relate it, and the desolate remoteness of the scene. There are too many travellers whose hairbreadth scapes from the imminent deadly breach have certainly not the tongue of Othello in the recounting of them, so that the utmost hardihood, the most tumultuous of personal encounters, the colour and variety of the stage, the something rich and strange in it all become as flat and suburban as the meanest of routines. But Miss Stark's narrative skill has proved equal to the superabundant material of her itinerary, and the reader becomes well satisfied with both. The title of her book, though a trifle flamboyant, only voices a fragment of the tale, since she visited many other regions of the Persian highlands without such histrionic associations. Whether Miss Stark's derivation of the word "assassin" from "Hashishin", a branch of the Isma'ili sect that produced the Fatimite line of free-thinking Caliphs, be correct or no, the country itself is an imposing theatre for its once bombastical rather than sinister activities, and the reader receives a strong impression of the indomitable energy and character of the author who, without friends and at much personal risk both to her health and safety, penetrated into so many formidable wildernesses. Another of her journeys was to the east of this traditional valley south of the Caspian, to the snowy Throne of Solomon in Mazanderan, to whose forlorn height still clings the pretty legend that the hoopoe sought it out for King Solomon as the chilliest place on earth. Thither he carried his bride, the Sheban Queen, whose love was denied him, and the extremity of cold forced her to seek his tent. A third initiative sent Miss Stark upon a treasure hunt among the mountains of Luristan, east of the Tigris, and though she did not find the treasure any more than she reached the seat of the Throne of Solomon, it is the journey rather than its destination which, as with all true travellers, is the authentic interest.

The one hiatus in her melancholy, entertaining and richly natured book is her very sketchy knowledge of archæology. That would not matter but for the fact that Miss Stark makes so

constant a point of her tramps among the tombs of the archaic Persians. Persia is the graveyard of so many dynasties, the loom and melting pot of so many cultures and early experiments in civilization, that a traveller whose gaze is deliberately retrospective does need some grounding in archæological sequences and historical perspective. It is agreeable to read her general conclusion :—

> " If I were asked to enumerate the pleasures of travel, this would be one of the greatest among them—that so often and so unexpectedly you meet the best in human nature, and seeing it so by surprise and often with a most improbable background, you come, with a sense of pleasant thankfulness, to realize how widely scattered in the world are goodness and courtesy and the love of immaterial things, fair blossoms found in every climate, on every soil."

Pilgrimage to Mecca has one advantage over other books which traffic in this somewhat hackneyed theme—that it is written from the point of view of a convert to Mohammedanism, rather than as a sight-seer or votary of the picturesque. Lady Evelyn fervently and a little naively accepts Islam lock, stock, and barrel, and is at pains often to argue with the unbeliever. And her reader will agree with her that there is much to be said for Islam as a practical religion. But she should surely have been more wary of testifying to her faith by inserting into a short book long historical dissertations about the conquests and battles of old Arabia together with gobbets from the biography of Muhammed, all of which is familiar material in the text-book. Since Lady Evelyn is by no means an accomplished historian, she would have been better advised to have taken our knowledge of these events for granted and proceeded with the personal narrative of the pilgrim who makes the journey third in importance between birth and death.

THE GREAT DESIGN, edited by Frances Mason. *Duckworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

NATURE AND LIFE, by A. N. Whitehead. *Cambridge University Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

THERE is a distinctly old-fashioned flavour about *The Great Design.* It seeks to show that science is not really wicked, but that, on the contrary, it supports religion. The demonstration is effected by gathering together fourteen scientists to testify, each from his different point of view, that " the ordered harmony, the mechanical precision, the great design of the whole "—I quote from the publisher's wrapper, but Sir J. Arthur Thomson in his Introduction uses very similar expressions—" point with ever-increasing force to a Purposing and Directing Mind at the back of the great drama of Creation ". Possibly ; possibly not ! But why should scientists be invited to establish this conclusion ? Science is concerned with facts, not with their cosmic interpretation. It is the business of the scientist to tell us how alpha particles behave when they pass through a thin metal sheet, or to describe, as Dr. Stuart Gager does very admirably in the present book, the mutual adaptations of flowers and insects. But it is not his business to tell us what sort of universe it must be in order that alpha particles, plants and insects should behave in the way in which they do ; nor is his opinion on the nature and purpose of the cosmos as a whole of any more value than that of the man in the street. Science, in fact, is not philosophy or theology and—it should surely by this time be clear—can throw very little light on such questions as the purpose, design, and ultimate constitution of the universe, which fall within the province of the philosopher and the theologian. Sir Arthur Thomson apparently agrees :—" Thoughtful men ", he tells us, " have continued for many centuries asking whether there is a purpose in Evolution ", and comments

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very properly: "This is one of the questions which Science neither asks nor answers." Yet here is Sir Arthur Thomson introducing a book whose object, according to its editor, is to answer precisely this question and to answer it definitely in the affirmative. "*The Great Design*," Frances Mason tells us, "attempts to show . . . that behind Nature, though we may not understand, we can see evidence of an Infinite Intelligence that holds the worlds in order".

The attempt is not really successful. That order exists in the universe, nobody would wish to deny; but quite a number of hypotheses may be invoked to account for its existence. It may, for example, be there because we ourselves have put it there, our minds, as Kant believed, being so constituted that we cannot know anything without imposing our own categories of order — quantity, quality causation, and substance upon it.

Or again, we can explain the fact of order on a mechanist basis. We propose, the mechanist says, to accept the universe as a going concern. As a going concern, I find it to be like the works of a gigantic clock, functioning automatically through the mutual interaction of its parts. This view, it is true, is now fairly generally rejected: hence, the alleged reinforcement of religion by science. There is, indeed, little doubt that modern developments in physics and astronomy have, as Professor Crowther and Dr. Aitken, Director of the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton in Canada, point out, made mechanism increasingly unlikely as a principle of cosmic interpretation. Indeed, Dr. Aitken's account of the initial concentrations of energy in the astronomical nebulæ and of its subsequent diffusion, will seem to many to constitute strong support for the theistic hypothesis of creation. But it is as well to remember that many scientists are still stubbornly mechanistic in outlook, and the apparent unanimity of contributions to the present volume has been achieved only by careful selectivity in the choice of contributors. This appears still more markedly when we come to the biological section. Here we find that the two most important contributions are those of prominent and notorious Vitalists—Professor E. W. MacBride and Professor Hans Driesch, of Leipzig. Vitalists hold that the process of evolution can be explained only on the hypothesis of the activity of a purposive force or principle of life, which, incarnated or manifested in matter, is yet other than the material mould which it animates. This is in general the view of the present reviewer, but it would be in the highest degree misleading to suppose that Driesch's Vitalism is representative of the conclusions of biologists as a whole, while MacBride's belief in the inheritance of acquired characteristics, which plays an integral part in his purposive conception of evolution, is widely denied by most laboratory workers in biology.

The conclusion is that speculation as to the nature of reality should be left to the philosophers: a conclusion which is reinforced by a reading of Professor Whitehead's recently published *Nature and Life*. Here is a majestically comprehensive conception of the universe as a whole, to which the intimations of every side of man's nature have been invited to contribute. Whitehead finds a place for art no less than for science, and draws upon morals, mathematics and mysticism no less than upon physics and biology for the data for his philosophy. The present book contains little that will be new to the students of Whitehead's work: it is concerned rather to summarise and to clarify. As a summary it will be an undoubted boon to those who have only succeeded in losing themselves in the Whitehead classics.

C. E. M. JOAD.

NE'S COMPANY, by Peter Fleming. *Jonathan Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

NDERSTAND THE CHINESE, by William Martin. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

HINESE TESTAMENT, by S. Tretiakov. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

R. PETER FLEMING went out to the r East last year with no special mission", no message to deliver, no ea of putting us all to rights, merely to scribe what he saw. The result is e of the most delightful books one uld wish, overflowing with humour, sight and vivid little pen pictures. th Chinese and Japanese live before e's eyes. Even the foreign community me in for some compliments. But is, no doubt, will disqualify the book r serious students.

Mr. Fleming travelled to Manchuria d China by Moscow (which he has rtainly made one reader understand ch better than many more pretentious iters) and the Trans-Siberian, which eated him to a model railway accident, st of the train rolling over an emnkment, but nobody being hurt. He ndered over the autumnal beauties of hol, interviewed the Emperor, accomnied a Japanese column bandit-hunting; then went south to China, visited e anti-Communist battle-front in angsi, and then overland to Canton. e deliberately eschews political comnt, except where he has seen what hers have not, but his mere description men and things is often, in itself, the st illuminating comment. The banditnt is a particularly telling account of e difficulties that face Japan in anchuria and how methodically she is ercoming them. But her interminable opaganda and protestations of altruism erely breed irritation and disbelief in e good work she is doing. Of the mmunists one may wonder whether ina will ever make an end, unless she ds another Gordon. Of the new motor-roads and bus-routes of China, indeed a wonderful accomplishment, Mr. Fleming thinks that they are the beginning of China's salvation. They may be. But they might equally be the foundation of new civil war, even as railways in China have been.

Almost every page contains some quotable description: the bare, clean, shut-in little room at a Japanese inn, where Mr. Fleming felt "like a beetle in a matchbox"; Peking, where the "diplomats drift to and fro with the slow, stately and mysterious grace of fish in an aquarium"; the dreadful Chinese hut with a child dying of smallpox; July heat in Shanghai; the American lady missionary, in "very tight shorts and a dirty white blouse", bearing down upon an offending ship's purser "like a rogue hippopotamus"; the exquisite journey down the Pei

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River; the intimidating interview with General Chiang Kai-shek. On longer acquaintance Mr. Fleming would have discovered also the rare charm that General Chiang can exert. But the description as it stands is proof of Mr. Fleming's qualifications as a guide. His romanization of Chinese names is wild, and he really must correct the awful misstatement of what became of the Emperor Hsuan Tung in 1912. But in all essentials it is a delightful book.

To attack a writer who has gone where he cannot defend himself is distasteful, but the late M. Martin's reputation on the *Journal de Genève* and the laudation Sir Arthur Salter's preface bestows on him may give his book an importance which compels one to protest against his prejudices and misrepresentations. He tells us that "there is hardly a Chinese on the Municipal Council" of Shanghai: there are five, the same number as the British, and twice-and-a-half the number of Americans and Japanese. He says that from Shanghai's European papers "you might suppose that there is not a Chinese in Shanghai". Since its foundation in 1864 the *North-China Daily News* has made a special feature of letters from all the principal cities of China, dealing with Chinese affairs; about three out of five of its leaders and a third of its news columns are devoted to the same subject. Other papers are also prolific in Chinese news. He describes "hulking pink-and-white youths using their whips on the back of a poor fellow straining and panting in the sun". Foreigners in China don't carry whips except when they go riding, and to hit a ricksha coolie, or any Chinese for that matter, is a penal offence. M. Martin never seems to have acquainted himself with the mind of the best foreign leaders of Shanghai, never mentions the Feetham report, and seems entirely ignorant of the extent to which the Council service has been opened up to Chinese since 1926. He unsparingly condemns the oppression of the Chinese masses by generals and politicians, but cannot see the connection between this and the foreigners' dread of being thrown over to such gentry. The remainder of the book gives a sufficiently interesting account of China's problems, which, however, can be got much better from other writers; for example, Professor Tawney, the League of Nations' Educational Mission, or even the Lytton Report.

Some writers have suggested that Professor Tretiakov's Tan Shih-hua is a compost of several students instead of the one whose life-story the author says he took down from the boy's own lips. If that is so, and I can see no internal evidence of it, the credit due to the author seems to me all the greater. Not the least remarkable feature of the book is the life-like nature of the different characters, each one perfectly homogeneous, and developing throughout with absolute naturalness. Reflected in their lives one sees the revolution in all the disenchantment it presents to thousands of eager Chinese youths, a hurried, helter-skelter, ill-prepared affair, wild enthusiasm to pull down, no definite scheme of what to build up, and most of the leaders merely out to enrich themselves. That there are leaders of a different sort does not alter the painful truth of the general picture. Apart from politics, the book is irresistibly charming for its scenes of Chinese domestic life, the Tan family's desperate struggles to keep up appearances, the boy's school and college days, the girl friends of his childhood, his mother's death and funeral, his own marriage and the unusual and hideous breach of the divorce. *Chinese Testament* is distressing in some respects, but assuredly a book not to be missed.

O. M. GREEN.

LAND EVERLASTING, by A. G. Street. *The Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. STREET earned a well-merited popularity a few years ago, as an author, with a book, *Farmer's Glory*, in which he recounted his life on a Wiltshire farm both before and after the war.

In his new book, he has abandoned the rôle of historian to assume that of teacher. He has set himself to instruct the non-agricultural elector, whom he recognizes as being master of the farmer's fate, as to the place of agriculture in national economy, and to tell him of the lines on which agricultural policy should be developed.

He assumes, at the outset, that the extraordinary concern manifested by the Government for the farming industry, which is putting six millions a year into the pockets of wheat-growers, three and a half millions into those of milk producers, three millions into those of beef producers, not to mention a great schedule of import duties and quota regulations, is evidence of a change of heart in the great mass of the population and the expression of their awakening to the fundamental importance of the British farming industry. May he be right! What is more likely is that so soon as the new policy attains its sole object, which is to raise farmers' prices, the consumers of the twentieth century will evince no more real concern for British farmers than did their fathers and their grandfathers in the nineteenth.

This, however, is by the way. The real criticism of Mr. Street's book comes from its amateur economics, its crude use of statistics, and the seemingly parochial farming experience upon which his instruction of the urban consumer is based. On the last point, for example, he groups the whole of the Eastern Counties in the category of "has-beens". Now, every visitor to the Royal Agricultural Show at Ipswich a few weeks ago saw livestock unsurpassed,

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for quality, by any district of Britain. If he was travelling from the North, he saw, in the great Fen district, the richest land in England, carrying crops of wheat, sugar-beet and potatoes with which no outside county can compare. If he came from the South, he passed through market gardening and dairying districts which need fear no comparison.

As to Mr. Street's use of statistics, he compares the gross income from the land under crops with the gross income from livestock, to the disparagement of the former, but he forgets that many crops are eaten by livestock and their value goes to inflate the livestock figures. He says that England is a country of smallholders because 65 per cent of the farms are under 50 acres in extent, but he fails to note that the remaining 35 per cent occupy five times as much of the land.

To be brief, Mr. Street tells the townsman that the only economic policy for England is one which fosters animal husbandry. He talks of farming as if it were an industry instead of a multiplicity of industries. Wheat, he says provides no more than 2 or 3 per cent of the national farming income; why, then, spend money to encourage wheat growers? The truth is, of course, that where wheat is seriously cultivated, it may form fully 25 per cent of the farmer's income. Again, he talks loosely of "the livestock industry", but this may mean milk production, store-stock raising or meat production. In none of these industries are farmers' interests identical, and in the two last, at least, they may be violently opposed, as was shown during the controversy about raising the embargo on imports of store cattle from Canada a few years ago.

Nor is Mr. Street even consistent. At one place he says that farmers must abandon accepted practice and strike out in new lines to meet the times, whilst in another he quotes the farmer who has departed from the traditional rotation as one whom everybody knows to be on the road to ruin. He deals severely with the mechanized farmer, by which he means the mechanized arable farmer, on the score that he depopulates the countryside, forgetting that he himself is a mechanized dairy farmer. It would be interesting to know how many men are employed on his farm to-day and the number on the same farm to whom his father gave employment.

Mr. Street, in *Land Everlasting*, adopts a pontifical attitude which he does not justify; he tells us, and he tells us wrong. Like his earlier writings, the book makes pleasant reading, but the reader unversed in agriculture must be warned against the fallacies of his philosophy and must not accept him as his guide.

C. S. ORWIN.

A NEW VOYAGE AND DESCRIPTION OF THE ISTHMUS OF AMERICA, by Lionel Wafer. Edited by L. E. Joyce. *The Hakluyt Society.* £1 11*s.* 6*d.*

LIONEL WAFER, the author of this book, which was published in 1699, served as a surgeon to the buccaneers in Darien, the West Indies and the Pacific between the years 1680 and 1688. Where he was born, where he lived and when and where he died are unanswered questions; all that is known of Lionel Wafer is contained in this volume. At the time of its publication the book was considerably more than a curiosity of travel. Wafer had attached himself to the since famous Dampier in the latter's buccaneering period, he had sailed with the notorious Sharp, he had been left with the Indians of South-East Darien, he had escaped marriage with a chief's

daughter, and had made little of his adventures and a great deal of the lie of the land, its soil, climate, fauna, flora and the customs of its inhabitants. As there were plans to colonize Darien—a most unsuitable climate—Wafer's book was thought valuable. And the odd thing about the work of this anthropological-surgeon-buccaneer who had to sue in Jamestown for the Queen's pardon—and obtained it after three difficult years of delay—the odd thing is that his book *has* proved valuable. Through his patient observations of his hosts, the Cuna Indians, modern anthropologists may confirm their views on the independent mentality of this remarkable tribe.

Wafer's stay with the Indians was due to an accident. His expedition under Sharp and Coxon had left Jamaica, landed in Darien, near Acla, and had crossed the isthmus to sack Santa Maria, and then descended by sea to the coast of Chile. Returning northward, the buccaneers quarrelled and Wafer left the expedition with Dampier and 44 others to row back to the Gulf of San Miguel and to re-cross the isthmus into the Caribbean. But immediately the land journey began Wafer was injured in the knee and was left with two others to the Indians. The violent rainy season had begun and the Indians, who never left their huts at this season, were hostile because Dampier had virtually impressed some of them as guides. But Wafer's bad case attracted their pity. In 20 days they healed his wounds by applying poultices of chewed herb and plantain leaf and then, because the guides had not returned from the north, prepared to burn him alive. They disapproved of bloodshed. His own attempt to get news of the guides was prevented by appalling storms and floods. Crossing a stream by a fallen tree one of the party fell in and was swept away. He was discovered later, to their surprise, sitting soaked on the bank with his precious sack of 400 pieces of eight on his back. "He was a weakly Man, a Taylor by trade", says Wafer, whose narrative, like the work of many amateurs, has curious touches of unconscious brilliance. Fortunately the guides returned well-paid and happy. Wafer won favour from the chief whose wife was being bled in the native fashion (which was to shoot scores of little arrows into every part of her body) by bleeding her in more effective and less painful manner. He became the Chief's close companion, went almost naked and tattooed and was offered the chief's daughter in marriage when she should be old enough. Wafer was alarmed and homesick. While he was enchanted with the dignity, fidelity and good sense of Cuna domestic life, he was put off by the general habit of eating one's own lice, and by the marriage custom in which the bride's father, or eldest brother, deflowered the bride before handing her over. Wafer, unwittingly, had come across that awe of virginity not uncommon among primitive people.

The offer of marriage—he got away only by making a solemn promise to return, which he did not keep—was an exceptional honour. The Cuna Indians were then and are still, noted for their refusal to intermarry. Their passion was for independence and purity of race, and this, with their elusiveness, enabled them to defy conquest where civilizations like those of the Aztecs and the Incas fell. Moreover, then as now, the Cuna lived successfully on a commendably decent moral plane without a God, and stone-walled all missionaries by believing in an after-life, and at the same time refusing to accept either hell or purgatory. An appendix to this volume is an interesting amplification of Wafer's observations; and with its maps, introduction and general expository apparatus, the work of this surgeon-buccaneer makes fascinating reading.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

BEETHOVEN, by Marion M. Scott. **HAYDN,** by J. Cuthbert Hadden. **BACH,** by C. F. Abdy Williams. **BRAHMS,** by Laurence Erb. (**The Master Musicians.** Edited by Eric Blom.) *Dent.* 4*s.* 6*d. each.*

"THE Master Musicians" biographies were first published thirty years ago; and it says much for the high quality of the series that of the present reissue only one volume—Miss Scott's *Beethoven*—is completely new. In the case of *Haydn*, *Bach* and *Brahms*, the necessary revision has been made either by the author himself or by the newly-appointed editor, Mr. Eric Blom. The most satisfactory of these volumes is the *Haydn*, which, despite the lapse of years, still remains the best biography we have of this master craftsman among musicians; the least satisfactory is the *Brahms*, which makes little attempt to probe the mystery of a composer about whom opinion is still so sharply divided. Of the *Bach* volume, it is sufficient to say that, by the addition of much new material drawn from the recent researches of Dr. Sandford Terry, Mr. Blom has greatly improved upon the already admirable work of the late C. F. Abdy Williams. Each volume contains, in addition to the revised subject-matter, valuable appendixes of dates, works, personalia, bibliography and (in the case of Haydn) selected letters.

Miss Marion Scott's contribution, which is entirely new, deserves more detailed consideration. She speaks of "the almost passionate absorption and excitement" which she experienced as she set about re-studying Beethoven and his music. Her enthusiasm is apparent in the text. Indeed, the worst thing that can be said about her book is that it is not critical enough—but the obvious limitations of the series may well excuse her even this one weakness.

It would be hard to find a more vividly concise account of Beethoven's life; and yet, despite its conciseness and brevity, it contrives to say old things in quite a new way and even to say new things altogether. Beethoven's troubled youth, for instance, which is all but omitted by most biographers so that they may hurry the reader into the *Sturm und Drang* which began with the young man's migration from Bonn to Vienna, is here treated in a most illuminating manner. And then there is the suggestion, which Miss Scott puts forward quite early in her book, that there was a Spanish strain in Beethoven's blood. "Spanish occupation and influence", she writes, "had been long and fierce in the Netherlands, longest of all in those Catholic districts from which the Beethoven family came. Ludwig was so swarthy a lad that his Bonn friends called him 'the Spaniard'. The nickname hit the mark". Certainly this is a very likely way of accounting for traits in the composer's character which were neither Rhenish nor Flemish. For the rest, old matter is presented with a freshness which, though it may not please the academically minded, will delight others—including that vast new audience of uninitiated music-lovers brought into being by intelligent use of the wireless and the gramophone. Of all great men Beethoven is one of the most difficult to see plain: truly he bestrode the world like a colossus, and the mere biographer, looking up at those thundercloud brows, is apt to forget that the giant was, after all, vulnerably mortal. It is Miss Scott's merit as a biographer that she never forgets the man in the genius.

As a critic she is perhaps less satisfactory. It all depends on how you look at music. If you look at music primarily as a mirror of the mind that conceived it, seeking therein that mind's answer to such questions as birth and death, life and eternity, then assuredly you will find Miss Scott's criticism of Beethoven's music eminently readable. But if you look at music primarily as a

eautifully ordered arrangement of sound, ne infinite delight of which is born of ıythm, melody, form, etc., you may ell find Miss Scott at times a little ide of the mark. It is, of course, as ndesirable as it would be impossible ompletely to divorce the man from his ıusic; and in the case of Beethoven, rticularly, insight into his psych-ogical states may well throw useful ght upon the music which was written nder their influence. Nevertheless, bjective analysis even of Beethoven's ıusic can be pushed too far—as when iss Scott assumes that for him the ıgue was a symbol of life everlasting; as when she sees in the three last ıartets his conception of the threefold fe of past, present and future ("The minor Quartet, retrospect; the B flat ajor, the present; the C sharp minor, ne life of the world to come.") This an arbitrary conclusion, anyway; nd surely it were better to leave the stener to draw his own conclusions—his enjoyment demands them.

C. HENRY WARREN.

RISTRAM, by Frank Kendon. *Dent.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

HE ENEMIES, by Sylvia Lynd. *Dent.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

OEMS, by Thomas McGreevy. *Heinemann.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

REAT poetry will always secure attention ut no amount of straining and effort has ver produced the amplitude, the power, ne richness of detail, that constantly rprises one in such poetry. Out of the et's stream of life come sudden pieces expression, all coloured by the main ream which continues flowing on, ceiving its depths and giving again out f them, royally. It is superb even to ead a lyric of grief—which is proof that rief is not so much fatal to happiness, s contributory to the biggest kinds of motion, including happiness. A book f great poetry is a surer declaration of elief than most dogmas.

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Mr. Kendon, Mrs. Lynd, and Mr. McGreevy, have each tried to put into words what only they, as human beings, have: their unique life-force (in so far as they still have it). Mr. Kendon has re-written the story of Tristram and Iseult. His version is in nine parts, with songs of Tristram's between each part—reminding one of Tennyson's *The Princess*. He uses a four line stanza, changing his stresses freely, or rather, letting the rhythm obey the passion that has to be expressed. Thus:

Going east, across the nearest hill,
Black against a sky that shone,
He rode for nothing, climbed and sank
Away, and so was gone.

As Mr. Kendon develops his theme, he seems to let the verse weave itself. His art is far-developed, both in the narrative and in the song-interludes. This is one of Mr. Kendon's descriptive passages, with Iseult in the foreground. The scene is Ireland:

Down she came with dazzling dawn
To greet the sunlit leaves above her
Where in the long grass dew was heavy
And first dark rosebuds nodded over.

That bright and new-washed world she sought
Was full of birdsong: every bush
Enjoyed a linnet, every tree
Boasted a proud and noisy thrush.

And spiders, like well-ordered wives,
Hung out their heavy webs to dry,
Which, when her passing made them tremble,
Let fall down drops of jewelry.

Sometimes Mr. Kendon holds up the story to describe; perhaps the tapestry that Queen Iseult is weaving, of "A hunter in a great cap, One richly clothed in gold and red", or "Grey sands and darker sea, With a white edge at their quarrelling". At other times he is absorbed in his tragedy. Towards the end of his carefully planned poem he gives one lines like these:

Out of the world, out of the hour,
Into what secret of repose?
The last dream is the dream of death,
Unknown, unless the waker knows.

The body will not wake again,
The delicate senses will not wake,
In their closed caves the eyes will waste,
The hands will no more music make.

Mrs. Lynd's lyrics are issued in the same series—a new one—as Mr. Kendon's. She writes with charm, finding her subjects in London, memories of her childhood, fantasy. She, too, is a practised writer, and has little to learn in the way of expressing her thoughts in their inevitable form. Mrs. Lynd's idiom is clearly marked. "A Street" has the lines:

A southward slope of sunny green,
All over-arched with springing trees—

which seems characteristic of Mrs. Lynd's lightness of touch. "Wisteria", the most highly finished poem in "The Enemies", is a description of a little girl's life with her mother—affectionately recalled and described with skill. Mrs. Lynd's collection is bound to find many readers.

Mr. McGreevy's book of satires and lyrics eludes attempts to assess it, partly because he avoids anything like conventional smoothness, but mainly because an angry disillusion tempers his quietest mood. He is concerned mainly with Ireland; he passes from description of aerial warfare (during the Great War) to the heart of his book, the Ireland of thirteen years ago; thence to a group of love-lyrics describing love mostly as pain. These poems are personal, sincere, and never complacent.

ARTHUR BALL.

SELECTED FICTION.

HE LONELY LADY OF DULWICH, by Maurice Baring. *Heinemann.* 5*s.*

HIS LITTLE WORLD, by Francis Brett Young. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

OM TIDDLER'S GROUND, by Edward Shanks. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

CASIONALLY, in the pages of the *atler*, you will see a photograph of r. Maurice Baring. On each side of n are people whose names one knows. e bends towards a neighbour at the ner table, or holds a glass in mid-air ; eem to remember a picture in which was balancing a coffee cup, or some- ing of the sort, on his head. These elations of the camera came back to e as I read his *Lonely Lady of Dulwich.* For the book, like the photographs, lds one, admiring perhaps, at a dis- ce. It is not a particularly good book, t it gives glimpses of the sort of ciety in which Mr. Baring moves. e names in the story seem to be nous names, there are conversations er good tables ; tact, taste, and cence (the public must not be mitted too far) are the qualities which aracters and author share. In certain gue emotional moods I can imagine at *The Lonely Lady of Dulwich* would pear exquisite and moving. In fact believe it to be deliberately common- ace. There is a reticence, an in- equacy which Mr. Baring exploits th curious effect. He tells a story of ssion without passion, with scarcely re than the hint that passions are re. We can only imagine an intimacy feeling because a veil is so carefully awn over it. The oblique method is shed here to such an extreme that ourless narrative and the conversa- ns of third parties are made to convey e dramatic incidents of the story ; a re letter, for example, is given in a cis. It is done with very great skill, but the result is flat ; no amount of taste, one feels, can compensate for the utter lack of impulse. Nevertheless, this story, like so many of Mr. Baring's, is a potential masterpiece, and that gives it a certain flavour.

Mr. Brett Young and Mr. Edward Shanks are bunglers by comparison ; but they are *positive*, even when they are positively bad (as Mr. Shanks sometimes is). *This Little World*, the picture of a Worcestershire village after the war, strikes me as being one of Mr. Young's best novels. His methods are "old fashioned," he builds up character and landscape on a pre-war plan, he is obsessed with the English tradition of gentlemen and green fields ; and yet, apart from Galsworthy, there is no other novelist who embodies as easily the solid Conservative view of life. Given the pre-war values, *This Little World* seems to me an excellent as well as a readable book. Mr. Brett Young has the advantage of Galsworthy in his style and in his sensitiveness as a novelist (as distinct from Galsworthy's *moral* sensitiveness—perhaps his chief quality). It is an art without surprises, but giving satisfaction to those who can still read a novel uninfluenced by the current tempo.

Mr. Shanks's *Tom Tiddler's Ground* is a praiseworthy study of a weak character, with pictures of England and Germany before the war, and London during the war and after. The "broad canvas" is adequately filled ; but the inadequacy of the central character, whose weak heart and whiskey drinking ruin a successful career, makes the book rather vague and unsatisfactory. The minor characters and their background are better than the protagonists. They are lifelike and interesting, and varied enough to keep one reading to the end of this unnecessarily long book.

G. W. STONIER.

HORDUBAL, by Karel Capek. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE GOOSE-MAN, by Jacob Wassermann. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.*

THE three hundred million Slav peasants of Eastern Europe are popular subjects just now for the ethnologist and the political investigator, but as three hundred million potential characters for the novelist they are not often regarded. But now Karel Capek, whom we have not hitherto associated with this type of fiction, has picked up a handful of them and made a glittering little book. Hordubal, though his rich Slavonic name rings like that of a conqueror, is a simple, hard-working, good natured farmer who returns from eight years of toil in industrial America to his Central European farmstead, only to find that his wife has taken a lover who is developing the land along lines that bewilder its owner. Hordubal lags behind the reader in his discovery of the truth of the situation, and we watch with a conviction of impending tragedy his futile efforts to recapture the old way of life and his recourse to a gipsy's philtre in order to reconquer his wife. There the first part of the book ends, and the second concerns itself with the discovery of Hordubal's murdered body and the arrest of his wife and her lover. The third deals with the trial of these two, and that is all. But it is beautifully done, scene and characters are realized with almost uncanny skill, and Capek has shown himself to have something more than wit and a graceful command of words.

The art of Wassermann is of a very different order, and his book is quite four times as long as that of Capek. This masterly German-Jewish writer, whose death was a great loss to letters, may be regarded as the leader of the new Romanticists of fiction. "The Goose-Man" is in certain aspects not unlike "Werther" in more modern dress. The Romantic agony is here, but it is bodied out with psychological data gathered since Goethe's day.

Those who know Nuremberg will be familiar with the *Gänsemännchen* fountain—the boy with a goose under each arm. "The Goose-Man" is the sneering name bestowed upon Wassermann's hero—a composer of genius—by the tavern wits of Nuremberg. For Daniel Nothafft has two women sleeping under his roof. And in his delirium, when both Gertrud and Lenore have died in distressing circumstances and their worthless successor has disappeared, it is the little Goose-Man who haunts Daniel with his snatches of maddening philosophy. There is almost a touch of Hans Andersen here, but it is of Goethe of whom one thinks most often throughout this strange and compelling book. It is Goethe, indeed, who inspires many of the compositions which at length, by a culminating tragedy, are consumed by fire with everything that Daniel had loved. Lack of space forbids any reference to the subsidiary characters, some of them grotesque but all vividly credible, who throng this sombre canvas of a nineteenth-century German town. But, for Daniel Nothafft alone, and for his music which the writer almost conveys to our ears, *The Goose-Man* was well worth writing and is well worth reading.

FRANCIS WATSON.

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